THORBURN'S JOURNAL.

MEN AND MANNERS

IN BRITAIN;

OR,

A BONE TO GNAW

FOR THE

TROLLOPES, FIDLERS, &c.

BEING

NOTES FROM A JOURNAL, ON SEA AND ON LAND, IN 1833–4.

BY

GRANT THORBURN, SEEDSMAN.

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PREFACE.

When a man of small abilities, who has never been inside of a college, sends forth a book into the world, he is branded as an absurd egotist, or a consummate, proud upstart. Again, if the world see a man grovelling along without a spark of ambition to raise him among his fellows, they say he is a mean-spirited mortal, and ask him—"Man, why don't you have more *pride?*" Just such a world of contradiction we live in.

Once in a while, when we see a coach-maker, shoemaker, or sailmaker, and sometimes a currier of jackass hides, set up for

aldermen, assemblymen, and even for congressmen, the world again says, its their pride that prompts them to aspire to those offices of *emolument*, honour and trust. But the world don't consider that the public *will* is the guide of these men, and the *public good* their aim; for my own part, I think this would be but a poor world, were it not for pride; but then there is so many kinds of pride, that a body can hardly tell which to choose: there is, for instance, an honest pride, an honourable pride, a family pride, a dandy's pride, and a develish pride; and there is yet another *pride*, lately got up amongst us, which, in my opinion, is worse than any of the others, not even excepting the last—this is the lawyer's pride, and the pride of the *bar*. By-the-by it would be well if these gentlemen of the gown and wig would define what they mean by the *bar*. If this thing had been properly understood, it might

have prevented the following awkward catastrophy.

On a late occasion, when a meeting was advertised for the gentlemen of the bar to meet at the hall, it was rather ludicrous to see these sons of the law met together, and another set of bar-keepers also come among them. There were the bar-keepers of the Columbian and Hibernian, the United, the Independent, and the Jackson Hotels—all very decent men no doubt; indeed I saw very little difference between the gentlemen, only that the men who bar out justice wore black coats, and the men who bar in whiskey wore coats of many colors. I thought it no wonder that these illiterate men mistook the meaning of the advertisement, as most assuredly they were all gentlemen of the bar.

But to return to the pride of the law; it is

an innovation coming in like a flood, and it threatens to overturn all the decencies of life, or, perhaps, I ought rather to say, of *death*. The thing is this: of late years it has become the practice of these brethren of the brief, that whenever any of their number departs from this life, you may see one of them hurrying into court, his eyes swelling with importance, squeezing up to the bench, whispering something in the ear of the judge; the judge rises, rolling his eyes on the ceiling, his face as long as a pelican in the wilderness. He lets the woful tidings drop, viz. that our worthy brother Caption has just taken leave of the world, and therefore, that you may have time to shed crocodile tears, the court stands adjourned to Monday next, at 11 of the clock; this was on Friday. The Revised Statutes do not empower the judge to stop the wheels of justice, and pocket two days salary of the people's money on any such occasion. Next day a meeting is held, reso-

lutions made, crape on the arm for thirty days, &c. Now what is this but *pride?* What right has any class in society to exalt themselves by themselves? What do they more than others? Is not a respectable merchant, a carpenter, a printer, or brick-layer, just as useful in his place as any lawyer? Now, suppose the merchants in Pearl-street, or suppose the master-builders were to shut their shops for two days; and suppose they were to hold meetings in the Park, and wear crape for thirty days whenever one of the fraternity died—why our streets would be filled with a set of idle vagabonds, our stores as dark as midnight, and the city clothed in sackloth and ashes; and yet these men have a better right to shut their stores, and close their shops, than the judge has to stop the sale of justice for two days.

Besides, is not this intended to establish a dangerous precedent, a sort of law, full of

aristocracy? Thinking, perhaps, that they receive not honour enough from men in this life, it may be they intend to try the experiment whether or not they cannot introduce some old, obsolete, heathenish custom of paying honours to the dead, and thereby we will have all the lawyer's deified. This would surely be something *new* in the other world, and in this also. When a lawyer dies, what more have we to do with him, or for him, than for any other member of the community who makes his money by his hands or his wits? If a lawyer has a head and a tongue, and knows how to make use of them, he has his reward in this world, and when he dies society owes him nothing—no more than they do to a master-builder, who, having finished the house, receives his money, and then departs this life. But this subject is so prolific, and so full of *bad precedent* and *bad practice*, that I hardly know where to leave off. But enough, I think, has been said, to

convince every man in New-York, that it is high time they should set their faces against this piece of *self-created pride.*

But all this has nothing to do with the book, and perhaps the least said on that subject will be the soonest mended. If the story is a good one, it will sell; if not, those who don't like it, can just let it alone.

THE AUTHOR.

Hallet's Cove, 5th Dec., 1834.

CHAPTER I.

Journal from New-York to Liverpool—Reflections on leaving Land—Seamen's character—a Passenger from ship General Williams—a Funeral at Sea.

Oct. 9, 1833—Ship George Washington, at 12 P. M., with a strong northwester and an unclouded sky, we took our departure from the Hook, the light-house due west three miles; shortly after we lost sight of land. I have more than once known what it is to take the last look of the land which contained all I held dear. It is at times such as this that the imagination delights to be busy, and at which she often plays the tyrant over the affections, by throwing the charms of a double fascination around the objects and scenes from which we are torn, as with rapid pencil she sketches in vivid colouring all I have left behind. I keenly feel the reality of my departure, and am almost ready to wonder that I could voluntarily have undertaken, at such a sacrifice, a voyage, attended with much uncertainty, and necessarily involving many a hazard; but in my better judgment I cannot and do not regret it. I think the duty has been pointed out plainly by the dispensations of Him who directs alike

the destinies of angels and of men, not to be followed with unshaken confidence and good cheer,—a firm belief in a particular providence, in that governance of the world which regulates, not only the larger affairs of men and of nations, but which extends to the minutest concerns of the creatures of God, till, without him, not even a sparrow falleth to the ground, next to those truths which assure us of the remission of sin through the shedding of blood, and which brings the life and immortality of the gospel to light. The Bible unfolds, (in my opinion,) not another doctrine more precious, or more consoling than this. I delight to believe, also, that special paths of duty are often made so plain, that there can scarcely be a mistake in entering upon and pursuing them.

This belief, with the persuasion that my present situation is one of duty, keeps my mind in perfect peace, and even emboldens me to appreciate to myself the assurance, "Behold I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land, for I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

Another cause of quietude springs from the declaration, (which I also firmly believe,) that the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much. I know I have many such friends by whom I am not forgotten. What a glorious religion is that which the Christian possesses? How unsearchable are its riches of wisdom and grace. A religion rescuing us not only from the guilt and condemnation of sin, cheering us with hope, and fitting us for immortality, but guiding and guarding us also in all our ways. If the religion of the cross be a cunningly devised fable, as some would persuade us to believe,

O, how wise the intellect that devised it! If all its promises and its hopes, its fears and its joys, its impressions and its prayers, are but a dream, its a dream of enchantment from which I would wish most devoutly never to awake; and of which, to all who sleep, I would most earnestly say, "Sleep, O sleep on!"

To return;—when we passed the light-house the ships Charlemagne for Havre, and General Williams for Liverpool, were nearly three miles a head—before dark we lost sight of them astern. The Atlantic was rough and boisterous as is usual at this season of the year, with wind constantly fair for five days. We were so heavily rocked, occasioned by the rolling of the vessel and the wind being astern, it seemed as if our very heads would have dropped from our shoulders. Next day the wind came on our quarter, when we went along as smooth as on a rail-road.

At night the scene was peculiarly fine; a full orbed moon, brushed by cold and wintry looking clouds above; a troubled and roaring sea below; our ship careering through and upon the heaving billows, dashing beds of foam far around, and leaving a broad wake behind as she sank and rose with the swelling of the sea, and then plunged again furiously on her mighty way; the bright moon-beams gleaming on the studding sails as they kissed the waves with every roll of the ship, while the naked spars above, in the deep plunge of the vessel, swept wildly and swiftly in clearly defined lines against the sky—all combined in forming a glorious sight for the eye of an enthusiast, and one from which I could scarce tear myself for the oblivion of sleep. Often, when all were locked in slumber, the watch on deck and myself only excepted, have I walked and sat watching the frantic gambols of the northern lights, the move-

ments of the stars, and the sighing of the waves, till morning streaked the eastern sky with gold. In five times crossing the Atlantic, I have seen something of the seaman's character. When sleep forsook my eyes, I used to go on deck to while away the time and improve my mind in conversing with the hands on watch. Many of them have I found to possess strong, but very few cultivated minds. When we witness their patient endurance of danger, cold, fatigue and discomfort, and the willing alacrity with which they perform their arduous duties, we wish they were better paid; but then money is of no service to them: they are not inhabitants of the earth—sea is their element. They know as little how to spend a dollar to advantage, as the child of three years, when he empties his little holiday purse (with the most willing anxiety) of the last ninty-ninth cent, to pay for a gilded toy not worth six. As they are the most useful class, and as society cannot exist in any thing like comfort without them, it therefore is the duty of society to provide for them a comfortable retreat in old age, and especially as very few of them survive to that period. In London they have schools for their children, and houses where their widows and orphans are comfortably fed, taught and clothed. The Greenwich Hospital is a monument of British gratitude and humanity.

To return from this digression;—as our ship was passing the light-house at Sandy Hook, a boat put on board of us a gentleman from Bermuda. He had engaged his passage in the ship General Williams, came too late, and was left. He felt very uncomfortable, as his baggage was on board of the G. W., and he had not a change of clothing.

10th. Wind northeast, nearly becalmed, the ship G. W. about five miles astern. At 10 A. M. launched the

boat with four hands and the mate, when they rowed said passenger to his ship.

11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th—nothing remarkable occurred. Wind fair and every thing comfortable; sea-sickness, and many *casting* up their *accounts* of *course*.

Oct. 16th—*A Funeral at Sea.*—One of our steerage passengers died last night, about 9 o'clock, after being six days out. He was brought on board almost in the last gasp of consumption. He hoped his bones would moulder in his native soil (Ireland); but his grave is in the deep. None of our cabin passengers knew of his situation till some hours after his death. We have on board the Rev. Mr. B——, an Episcopal Minister from England. He was in bed and knew not that there was a corpse on board till I informed him in the morning. He seemed *awfully struck* when I asked if he had his prayer-book and canonicals in order, as there was to be a funeral at 9 A. M.—He mustered the materials, and finding all in order, said he would perform the last office for the dead, while I was to do my best as clerk pro tem., as he said he understood I had been clerk in a church in New-York for some years. I informed the captain of the arrangement, and requested that he would order every thing to be conducted with decent order and propriety. After receiving my short lesson, we repaired on deck. The scene was novel, solemn, and imposing. The morning was fine; the sun shone bright and mild; a gentle breeze was humming through our sails, just enough to steady the vessel; hundreds of sea-gulls were sporting in the sun-beams, and dipping their snow-white wings in the transparent element beneath. Ever and anon as they crossed our path, followed in our wake, and skimmed our stately ship, they looked and

they screamed, and they screamed and they looked, as if anxious to know the meaning of this dance of death.

Our crew and our passengers, eighty-five in number, were all on deck, *uncovered*—all watching, with intense interest, the order and systematic preparations of the seamen. The body was tightly stitched up in a white sheet, (not a spot of skin appearing,) then fastened to a plank, and a heavy stone appended to the feet. The end of the plank, with the feet towards the sea, was now placed on the bulwarks about midships. The end where the head rested, was supported by the carpenter and his mate. All things being ready, the captain on the right, and I on the left of the minister, the beautiful service for the dead commenced—"I am the Resurrection and the Life," &c., in the full-toned, solemn, and clear accent of a regular bred Yorkshire parson. The various and intense feelings depicted in the faces of the motley group, as they eyed the cloth that hid the lifeless clay; the wild screams of the milk-white sea-fowl, descending and ascending in quick succession, forced on the mind the thought of guardian angels, ready to convey some ransomed soul to worlds of light. We were 1400 miles from land, suspended, as it were, between heaven and the great deep, and only a four inch plank between us and the gates of heaven or hell. When the minister came to the words, we "commit the body to the deep," I sung out, "launch the corpse."—In a moment it was sinking in the mighty waters.—"*Lord, what is man!*" exclaimed each thinking soul. We seemed pausing alone on the brink of eternity; but the eye of Omnipotence was there. In the clear waters of the Atlantic we could see the white object sink, perhaps some hundred feet. I stood on the stern and watched its descent. The buoyancy of the plank, with the stone at the feet, kept the body erect. It looked to my

mind like a mortal of earth, descending the narrow steps of time, down to the broad confines of eternal space. In a few moments' more the rags of the flesh, with the strips of the winding-sheet, were lodged in monsters' jaws.

It was a very impressive scene, and seemed to strike all present, with a sense of their dependance on Him who holds the wind in his fist and the waters in the hollow of his hand.

To commit a body to the earth, seems like cancelling a debt of nature ; but though the flesh be as cold as the marble of Siberia, there is something revolting to the feelings when a human carcass is sunk in the cold green sea. But this sea must give up the dead that are in her.

If you have a friend in the world whom you wish better than another, if he wants to see Liverpool, tell him to wait for the George Washington, Captain Holdredge and crew. We are now nine days out, and have not heard an *oath* from either man or officer—sometimes making fourteen knots for twelve hours on a stretch—the waves as high as Snake-Hill in Jersey, and neither sigh nor groan has yet escaped its timbers. Her vast sheets of canvass spread to the sun and swelling in the breeze, appear like ripe fields of wheat on Hallet's Cove, and yet they are mowed as by a spring, from the tinkle of a bell, by the sturdy arms of our willing crew. No noise, no shouting, no confusion—all moves on as if impelled by him who is the God of order. At 8 A. M., 12, 4 and 8 P. M. our table is filled with *more than heart can wish.* Clinton Lunch, or Congress Hall, can boast no better cooks. Every morning we have fresh milk from the cow, without the contamination of blue-skin water from the race grounds of Long-Island. We

have men of mind and science from the four quarters of the globe in our cabin, each promoting the pleasure of his neighbour.

Our esteemed townsman, Samuel F. Mott, and interesting family, are a genuine acquisition to our party. Already has the health of his lady much improved. Our book-case and books, our beds, comforts, luxuries and attendants, are such as may be expected (*only*) from the New-York packets.

Nothing worthy of notice occurred for the remaining eleven days of our voyage, when we arrived at Liverpool, all well, having been only twenty days at sea.—At the examination of our baggage in the custom-house, we were treated with marked attention and politeness; indeed to be an American, or a resident in America, seems a passport to kind regard and attention every where.

In the streets of Liverpool to-day, (2d Nov.,) I saw two well-dressed women, having an organ fastened on a small four-wheeled waggon. They were dragging it through one of the principal streets—at every corner they would stop, and one would sing while the other played the organ—passengers would throw them a few cents. I wondered that the magistrates, who had mothers, wives and daughters, would allow so public a degradation of the sex. I wished I had Mrs. Trollope by the ear at that moment.

In the hotels, besides paying your bill at the bar, you are called on by—sir, remember the waiter,—sir, remember the chambermaid; and also by a slovenly looking fellow whom they call *boots*. In the stage, perhaps you are drove from London to Coventry, or any other direction, to a distance of fifty miles. There you change the driver and guard, when you are again subjected to the same

beggarly impositions—sir, I have drove from London—sir, I have guarded you from London. You may give as much as you please, but not less than one shilling to each. In fifty miles more the same beggarly farce is acted over again. Between London and Liverpool, 200 miles, I paid twelve shillings sterling to guards and drivers, besides three sovereigns stage fare. Indeed I could travel 200 miles in America, just for the money I paid to guards and coach drivers in going from London to Liverpool; and you can't get clear of this imposition. To be sure you are not compelled by *civil law*, but if you don't submit to this *law* of the *road*, ten to one but your trunk would disappear before you where half through your journey. They will swell, puff and blow about their English pride, their independent spirits, and all such blustering stuff, but in all and every thing connected with travelling concerns, it is a complete system of organized beggary, from the contractor down to the lowest boot cleaner. Old Boniface himself comes out to be sure; his face as red as a northwest moon, corporation like a ten gallon keg, white apron, shoes, buckles and stockings, bowing and cringing like one of his well-whipped spaniels, but most roundly does he make you pay for all this servility; and when you are going to leave his inhospitable roof, he sends after you a host of privileged beggars; and after you are seated in the coach, the windows on each side are beset with—sir, I lashed your trunk—mam I brought out your bandbox, &c. I was informed by several gentlemen, that the servants in hotels and drivers on the road had no other compensation for their services, only what they could in this way extort from customers. This may all be very well, if they are willing to have their servants a committee of beggars and extortioners,

instead of men who make conscience of doing their duty, knowing that they will receive an honourable compensation for their services. I say this may all be very well if the majority are pleased to have it so; but why hold themselves up as paragons of wisdom and models of fashion to the world? Why send forth their Fiddlers and Trollopes, talking about men and manners in America, when they themselves have yet to learn what it is to practice the first rudiments of common sense? Fiddler could travel from Maine to Georgia, and not meet a beggar in a hotel, or seated on a stage box.

This custom of theirs is a great annoyance to strangers; for in addition to all your other cares on the road, you have to carry a pocket full of change. Better would it be to put every charge in the bill, and make you pay at the bar.

CHAPTER II.

A visit to the Tower.

I HAVE been twenty-four days in London. To the man who has time to spare, and money to spend, it is worth all the pains to walk one day each in St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and the tower. In the former you read the monuments, and tread over the bones and dust of all that were once great, and many that were good, for the past thousand years—kings, warriors, benefactors and destroyers of men, eloquent divines and accomplished females, profound statesmen, historians and poets—all tumbled in one promiscuous heap of death. In the poet's corner you tread over the dust of Dryden, Pope, and scores of others, who in their day shook the sides of laughter-looking faces; but now, there they lie themselves—O, how mute! In the tower, within whose blackened walls for nearly twenty centuries, alternately, was heard the music and the dance, the sound of laughter and revelry, with the screams of the tortured, and the groans of the murdered. Over floors stained, and along walls besprinkled with the blood of the beauties of that day, you now walk with the wardens in the same costume which they wore in the days of Henry VIII.

To describe my feelings, or what I saw, is impossible; but while I held in my hand the axe which severed the heads of the beautiful Ann Bolyn, Lady Jane Grey, and Mary of Scotland, I felt proud

that the annals of my adopted country was not stained by deeds so barbarous and *unmanly*. Says I to the warden, "your Fiddlers and Trollopes talk of refinement—the standard of refinement is estimated in all countries by the respect in which their women are held. Now, sir, were they to attempt in America to cut off the head of a beautiful woman, every rifle, from Maine to Georgia, would be raised in her defence." He smiled at my remark. He soon observed that, from my tongue, he should take me for a Scotchman. I said I thought the same of him—it was the case; and being countrymen, he conducted me around, and described every thing with great attention.

I saw in London women, dressed neat and clean, trundelling wheelbarrows in the middle of the streets, seemingly carrying home or taking clothes to be washed. In the markets of London and Liverpool are thousands of women, who make their living by carrying home the meat and vegetables. They have round baskets which they place on their heads. I have met delicate, good looking females, trembling under the loads they carried. You may see them in groups and rows, their baskets in hand. As you pass along the market, you are interrogated at every step, with "sir, do you want a basket?"—"Please, sir, to take a basket," &c.

It don't seem to be the custom in London to take a servant with them to market.

I also saw a woman on the highway breaking stones to Macadamize the road. On another occasion I saw a woman having a young *child buckled on her back*. She was driving a one horse cart laden with coals, going up a steep part of the road, and the load being rather heavy for the horse, she took hold of the wheel and

helped it to roll along till she got to the top of the hill. I thought this was most emphatically clapping the shoulder to the wheel. I thought if Mrs. Trollope and Fiddler had seen such things in America, what a fine subject it would have been for them to make a book. I attended service in many Chapels, Churches, Cathedrals and Abbeys, in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral, (the resort of fashion.) In the former I heard the *Lord Bishop* of Gloucester read prayers. I thought (at the time) that our own Bishop Onderdonk reads better. I there saw old and young men sitting at the head of the pews, when the ladies were sitting next to the door.

I saw a black whiskered dandy, apparently about twenty-seven; he was sitting alone, just inside of the pew door. A genteel young lady came to the pew; but, instead of opening the door and giving her the place which common decency and common sense assigned as her's, he shoved his own ugly carcass ahead, and let her sit next to the door. I saw young men sitting, and respectable-looking females standing—some of them old enough to be their mothers or grand-mothers, and some of them young enough to have been their sisters. Perhaps it were hardly worth noticing these things, were it not that the Halls, Trollopes, &c., have the modesty to tax the Americans with want of *refinement!* Now, as far as I can observe, if the remark be true, that respect paid to the women is the true standard of refinement, I think America is at least half a century ahead of these London folks. In short, many, very many, of the laborious and menial offices are here performed by women.

With regard to manners, you will here receive the very essence of hospitality and kind attention; to be

sure, you will see the heighth of splendour and affluence contrasted with the most abject poverty; but here, as well as almost every where else, excess in drinking lies at the bottom of this evil. Every where there is the greatest appearance of plenty. I met in company, the other day, a real John Bull; he sat puffing and blowing with corpulence. His very eyes stood out with fatness, as if ready to start from their sockets; in short, he was a real Falstaff. There he sat grumbling about taxes, tithes, poor rates, &c. We had picked an acquaintance and could make free. Says I, my friend, you look, at any rate, as if you got your allowance. He and his friends had a hearty laugh, which ended the political lecture.

The quantities of meat in the markets of London are almost frightful to look at; besides, in every street, they have large butchers' shops, which, from 3 till 11 o'clock P. M., are most brilliantly lighted up with gas; and, as they have a peculiarly neat way of cutting up their meat, their shops show to fine advantage. Their hundreds of benevolent institutions for the maimed, the sick, the halt, and the blind; their multitudes of princely buildings, where tens of thousands of poor children are fed, clothed, and instructed; their hospitals and churches; their soldiers' and sailors' retreats, &c., form, altogether, such a mass of good, as makes the heart exclaim, "such only are thy fruits, O Christianity!" and imparts to the mind something like a confidence, that a country where so much good will is shown to man, will stand against all the assaults of external and internal foes, till the day arrives when her palaces and hospitals, with the globe itself, shall shiver in the blaze.

It is both amusing and interesting to see the children of the various charitable institutions dressed in the costume of the day, which bears the date of the founding of them some, seven hundred years ago.

CHAPTER III.

London—its Charitable Institutions—Police—Barber Shops, &c.

I saw nothing in London that pleased me so much as their charitable benevolent institutions. London contains 43 free schools, with perpetual endowments for educating and maintaining nearly 4,000 children; 17 other schools for poor and deserted children; 237 parish schools, supported by voluntary contributions, &c., in which about 10 or 12,000 boys and girls are constantly clothed and educated; 3 colleges; 23 hospitals for sick, lame, and indigent women; 107 alms-houses for the maintenance of aged persons of both sexes; 18 institutions for the support of the poor of various descriptions, and about 30 dispensaries for the gratuitous supply of medicine and medical aid to the helpless in all cases. Besides these various establishments, each parish has a work-house for the occupation and maintenance of its own distressed or helpless poor; and the several *Trades Companies* of the City of London distribute about 75,000 pounds sterling, nearly $375,000, annually in charities. The sums expended among the other public charities, is computed at not less than $50,000 pounds, or $4,250,000 per annum. The hospitals, alms-houses and free schools, were chiefly founded by private persons, or incorporated bodies of tradesmen. Many of them are endowed with

perpetual revenues—others are supported by annual or occasional voluntary contributions.

The medical assistance in the hospitals is the best which the profession can supply. The attendance is ample; the rooms are generally very clean and wholesome, and the food is suitable to the condition of the patients. The alms-houses and other institutions for the support of the aged and indigent, exhibit not merely an appearance, but the real possession of competence and ease.

From some of the free schools pupils have been sent to the universities, as well prepared as those from any of the most expensive seminaries; and all the scholars receive an education adapted to the stations for which they are designed.

But independent of these 16,000 children, who are fed, clothed and taught, you may see 40,000 Sunday scholars every Sabbath picked from the streets and their feet led into the house of prayer.

Here then is 56,000 children, who otherwise might be prowling about the streets and learning the road to the gallows, snatched, as it were, from destruction by these friends of Christianity, and their feet directed into the ways of peace. In looking at this statement, which is rather under than over the truth, we may thus see what a large amount of *sweet* is here thrown into the bitter cup of human wo. Never was there found in any of the large cities of the world, ancient or modern, so many asylums for alleviating the miseries of man, as is to be found in London, for which we may thank the Bible: besides, in the day in which we live, there is not a spot on the globe where *true liberty*, or *rational religion* exists, except where the English language is spoken. Cesar nor Pompey, Hannibal nor Alexander, nor any of the heathen champions,

ever thought of setting up an orphan asylum. These monuments of humanity were left for the champions of Christianity to erect. I saw much in London to please the eye and instruct the mind. I found easy access to any public institution by means of a friend, and often by sending in my name But nothing gave me such a feast of reason and such a flow of soul, as to walk out, just as the last bell commenced ringing on a Sabbath morning; then thread my way to some distant church, where at almost every corner, or in every street on my way, I would meet some free, some charity, some parish, or some Sunday school. To see them in dresses which were the fashion of the days in which some of the schools were *founded*, many centuries ago; to see them with long coats of mixed gray cloth, reaching nearly to the heels, with very broad skirts, red jackets, buff breeches, blue worsted stockings, black shoes and brass buckles, and white *bands* under their chins, like little ministers, all neat and clean, with smiling happy faces, sometimes five hundred in a line; to see them in the house of prayer, making the responses in an orderly manner, chanting and singing to Him who has ordained praise to come from the lips of babes and sucklings; to see sometimes five or six thousand of these little immortals, all engaged in this pleasing work. I say, the man who can look at this, and yet his eyes refuse their moisture, must have a heart as hard as the nether millstone.

None are admitted into the House of Lords except members of parliament and strangers having a ticket. I was offered a ticket, but then it is absolutely necessary that you be in *court dress*. So as this would cost more money than I was willing to pay for the sight of my lords, I e'en let the matter rest.

I had read much, and heard more, about the wickedness of London; about sharpers, swindlers and pickpockets by day; about thieves, robbers, and murderers by night; about condemning men for stealing one shilling, and hanging them by the dozens every week at Newgate. I was in London a good part of the winter, when the lamps were lit at 3 P. M., and frequently kept burning till 8 o'clock next morning, so thick and so smoky is the atmosphere, and so long and so dark are the nights; (by-the-by, I thought the town looked to more advantage at night than it did by day, the shops and lamps sent forth such a profusion of gas-light, that the people seemed animated with new life, and the shops showed off to more advantage.)

I walked in almost every street; and at almost every hour in the day and of the night have been brought from three and four miles out of town after midnight in a carriage, sometimes alone, sometimes in company, but never received an uncivil word, or met an interruption from any one. In the course of my business I passed Newgate almost every day. The sight of its gloomy walls never failed to bring up in my mind the associations of wholesale hanging. I seldom failed to ask the policeman on the station if there had been, or if he knew when there was to be an execution: he always answered in the negative. On inquiry, I was informed that King William is much opposed to hanging, except in cases of murder, thinking it better to banish them to Van Dieman's or Botany Bay. Neither is it so difficult to travel in London as has been represented. I have rode from Paddington to the Bank of England in one of the omnibuses, a distance of five miles, for sixpence sterling, about eleven cents.

I have gone to find a name and number three

miles from my lodging, through a labyrinth of streets, knowing nothing of the way, save the direction of the compass, and by inquiring at the corner of every street, and never failed of attaining my object. The policemen, who are stationed in every street by night and by day, are a most useful body of men. They are dressed in blue uniform; each man is marked on the collar of his coat with the letter of his division—they are furnished with a rattle, a cutlass and a short staff. I found *them*, and indeed every person of whom I made inquiries, to be very polite and obliging. I frequently have been accompanied by one of them for nearly a quarter of a mile to show me the street I wanted. They have also a machine called a cabriolet; they are capable of carrying two persons besides the driver. You may see them in every street, and are very useful to strangers. When I first entered London, the stage set me down within two miles of my lodgings. I called a cabb as it passed, gave the driver my number, where I was carried with my trunk for 22 cents. You will no doubt suppose I have been turning the wrong side of the leaf, when I speak about being four miles from London at midnight; *but in Rome you must do as Rome does;* besides, in this mighty Babylon, night and day are nearly reversed, and especially in winter, when they have only four or five hours day-light. Very few of the merchants sit down before seven o'clock to their dinner, even when none but their own family are present; and if company are invited, its always at 8 o'clock. I have been at parties here and at Edinburgh, where dinner was set on the table at 9 o'clock; then wines, cordials, *coffee* and fruits till 11—when we joined the ladies in another room at tea till 12. But in the politest circles *debauchery* has become unfashionable. The temperance societies are

prevailing here, but they don't go to our extremes. When coffee is set on the table with wines, it is as much as to say, though I don't use wine myself, I leave my guests to their choice. However, I have seen life in all its varieties, from the lowest to the highest: its all vanity, when compared with the sober realities of a New-York or Brooklyn mode of life.

About the year 1810, when the British parliament was debating the question on the policy of enforcing their orders in council, and so making war on America, one of the blustering fools (for they have fools in parliament as well as in congress) said, were it not for England, the men in America would have to go with long beards. Its not the case now however, for my friend P. Rose, corner of Liberty and William streets, makes better *razors* than any I have known imported;—but if they can make razors, it don't appear that they can make *shaving chairs* in England. In London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, &c., I used to go every time to a different barber shop, on purpose to see if they had a comfortable chair to sit on; but never saw one. They use nothing but a common chair, such as are used in families. In the *arcade* in London is the best looking barber shop I saw in Britain. In it they charge sixpence sterling, (eleven cents)—threepence was the highest I ever paid in any other shop; but even here they had only a common low-backed Windsor chair. When getting shaved, your head hung over like a man going to be guilotined, with his face to the sun. I found it a very painful operation, sitting so long in that position. This *arcade* shaving shop was a mere hog-pen in comparison to our New-York barber shops. I think the whole furniture of the room might have been bought for two guineas; the looking-glass was about 12 by 18 inches. Were

Mr. Palmera, corner of Liberty-street and Broadway, to remove himself and shop furniture to Regent-street, London, I think he would make a fortune in three years.

CHAPTER IV.

Regent-street—Handsome Shops—St. James', Regent, and Hyde Parks—Lord Wellington and his Monument—British Museum—Blue Coat School, &c.

HERE every thing appears on a great and grand scale. All seems to carry an air of stability: iron lamp, bridge, gallery, piazza, gate posts, and almost every thing for which we use heavy timber, is there substituted by iron. The houses are built to shelter the heads of ten generations yet to come. Indeed many of the churches are above one thousand years old, and they yet look as if they might last as long as the sun.

The shops, especially the jewellers, goldsmiths, mercers, haberdashers, furriers, printers and stationers, make a most splendid appearance. *Regent-street* is the emporium of fashion. Here many of the bow windows are glazed with panes 24 by 36 inches, 30 by 45, &c. There is a fur shop having a window on each side of the door, the centre pane in each window measuring *nine feet* by *five*. I passed this shop frequently in day-light, but it was filled with customers. Passing one evening, when it was brilliantly lighted, and seeing only the master and his clerks within, I entered. Says I, "sir, you will please excuse me; but, if you have no objection, I would be glad to know the *size*, *quality* and *price* of those *large panes* in your windows." As he had placed them there to draw *attention*, he seemed not displeased with my freedom, handed me a chair, and politely

answered my questions. "The size, 9 feet by 5, cost 50 guineas each pane, made of the best double flint glass, nearly half an inch thick, and has stood there nine years." The glass is so pure of itself, and kept so clean, that at night I laid my hand on it to ascertain if it had not been removed. Should this glass get accidentally broken by a passenger, the owner can *recover* no more than 10 shillings sterling.

In the month of March, if the weather is fine, between 2 and 5 o'clock is the time to see the nobility, gentry, and plebeians to the most advantage in Regent-street, St. James', Regent and Hyde Parks. These parks are open to all, rich and poor, and are a great luxury to the inhabitants. The *broad walks* are laid tastefully out, surrounding and intersecting the parks in all directions, and kept in excellent order. Thousands of carriages, of all descriptions, from the coach and six to the humble hand cart, containing the hopeful shoots of some rising family; thousands of ladies and gentlemen, mounted on ass, mule, or horse, and thousands of all descriptions, shapes, shades, sex, sizes, age, and colours, on FOOT.—The walks are wide enough for carriages to pass one another. Here you may see enter a coach with six horses; the first and second horses on the left hand side are bestrode by two out riders, in top boots and spurs, red velvet breeches, yellow waistcoat, sky blue round jacket with red collar, dark blue velvet cap with gold bands, and each having a short whip in his hand; besides, there sits on a lofty coach box a fine jolly red faced looking mortal, with a powdered wig on his head, and a large box coat on his back, having the reins and a long whip in his hands: beside him sits a well dressed, good looking woman, about 26 years of age—this is our *waiting maid;* behind the coach stands two very

handsome men in much the same dress, wigs, and livery, each of them holding a black rod in his hand about eight feet long; when the coach stops, they jump down and take their stand at each door of the coach, not knowing whether my lady may get out right or left. When my lady enters a house or store, they take their stand on the right and left of the door, with the rods in their hands, and wait her return. Now this must be my Lord B's carriage; (but we are still in the park.) Inside of the coach sits my lord and lady with their two daughters. My lord looks old at fifty, and my lady at forty-five looks thin and withered, the effects of high living and keeping unseasonable hours. She, however, wears a wig and curls made of young black hair, which reminds you of a sheep in lamb's clothing. The young ladies are looking out at each window, to see if they can see any body, or to see if any body can see them. You may also see some hundreds of girls, from four to fourteen, trundling hoops over the smooth grass in the beautiful parks. This is a favourite sport, but rather ludicrous. Had Mrs. Trollope seen this among our *field* sports in America, she would have written ten pages to prove that the thing was *extremely vulgar.*

In this (Hyde) Park, they have erected an earthen mound, nearly twenty feet high. On the top of this mound is a monument in honour of Lord Wellington; it is of cast metal. They say it represents *Achilles*, but it looked to me like a great big black man, with the lid of a soup pot in his hand. However, when you take your stand on this mound on a fine day, you may see before you the whole beauty and fashion of England—royalty, gentry, nobility, and plebeiandry. But with very, very few exceptions, the servant men are decidedly better made, and far better looking than

their noble masters. It is an undisputed fact, that the finest men and women in Britain are engaged in the corps domestique.

Lord Wellington's palace stands in the corner of Hyde Park and Piccadilly. The back windows look out on his monument aforesaid. The front windows are all covered outside with iron blinds, to prevent the mob from breaking his glass. Here we see the mutability of fortune. Sixteen years ago he and his carriage were dragged in triumph through the streets—now he walks out in *disguise*. Then his face was as the light of the sun among them—now the light of the sky is shut out from his dwelling with iron blinds and bars. Mob like, when led by political rascals—hosanna to-day, and crucify to-morrow.

I visited the British Museum. It was founded in the sixteenth century. It is open to the public three days in the week gratis. You write your name and place of abode in a book, and then pass in. It is kept in a large and handsome building. It is a wonderful collection, and neatly kept. Here is a regular file of newspapers, amounting to 700 volumes, neatly bound. You are also shown the *original* copy of the *Magna Charta*, given by King John in 1200. It is kept in a glass case, and is in fine order. It was written by the priests then. They only were the men; and wisdom died with them. The nations of men were under their feet, and a passport to enter or retire from the world was required at their hands.

The Blue Coat School, so called, having reference to the costume of the children supported and educated there, was founded in the reign of Edward VI. There are generally in this establishment from 1000 to 12,000 boys and girls receiving their education, besides being

clothed and boarded. The annual expenditure is £30,000 sterling. The dress is a blue cloth gown, with sleeves reaching to the ancles, yellow flannel under clothes, with a small black cloth cap, which just covers the crown of the head. An interesting sight is exhibited in the hall every Sunday evening from March to May, inclusive, to which strangers are admitted by tickets, easily obtained from any person connected with the establishment. All the children sup together at 6 o'clock. The ceremony commences by three strokes of a hammer, intended to enforce silence; one of the senior boys reads a chapter, after which prayers are read, and a hymn sung—all the boys standing and pronouncing *Amen!* together. The company are seated at one end of the hall, and the steward, master, matron, &c., occupy the other. When the supper is concluded, the doors of the wards are opened, and a procession formed in the following order: the nurse; a boy, carrying two lighted candles; several with bread-baskets and trays, and the others in pairs, who all bow as they pass the company. In this hall, likewise, the lord mayor, aldermen, &c., attend on St. Matthew's day to hear orations from the senior boys. In the chapel of this institution is interred Thomas Burdett, the ancestor of Sir Francis. He was put to death in the reign of Edward IV., for wishing the horns of a favourite white stag (which the king had killed) in the body of the person who *advised him* to do it. No wonder that Francis became a *radical.* In St. Paul's, Covent Garden, lies the remains of *Butler*, author of "Hudibras;" also Dr. *Wolcott*, so well known under the name of *Peter Pindar.* St. Giles, Cripplegate, Milton the poet, and Fox, author of the "Book of Martyrs," are buried here. Oliver Cromwell was married in this

church. In St. Mary's church, Lombard-street, the Rev. John Newton is interred.

Dissenter's burial-ground—John Bunyan, author of the "Pilgrim's Progress;" Susannah, mother of John and Charles Wesley; Dr. Watts; Dr. Rees, author of the "Cyclopedia," and many other eminent men are interred here. *St. Pancras, old church*—here is the tomb of the brave but unfortunate Paoli. *St. Georges, Hanover Square*—Laurence Sterne, the wit and divine, is interred here. St. Margaret's church contains the grave of Sir Walter Raleigh. *Westminster Abbey, poets' corner*—Ben Jonson, Spencer, Chaucer, Milton, Gray, Thomson, Mrs. Rowe, Goldsmith, Handal, Addison, Sir Isaac Newton, William Shakspeare, &c. Here also Thomas Parr is interred—he died at the age of 152 years. I was much gratified in visiting the old churches, and walking among the habitations of the dead.

CHAPTER V.

A visit to the House of Commons and Covent Garden Theatre.

At 5 P. M., the hour of assembling with my friend, I took my stand in the lobby of the House of Commons. In a few minutes Mr. M., member for Westminster, arrived. I was introduced as Mr. T., from New-York—wishing to see how business was done there—and a ticket for the gallery requested. Mr. M. said he had just parted with both of his tickets, (each member is allowed two tickets per day for their friends —strangers pay 2s. 6d. to get in the gallery,) but he would get me in notwithstanding. He soon returned with a written order from the speaker to admit me on the floor of the House. It is just such a looking room, gallery and all, as the Scotch Presbyterian Church in Cedar-street. In place of the pulpit there stands a throne, gilded and grand enough. In front of the throne the speaker sits with a large wig on his head, having two tails, one hanging from each shoulder and resting on the breast. They are as large as the tail of a merino sheep, and look exactly like the picture of Lord Eldon you have seen on the sign of Gould, Banks & Gould, corner of Broad and Wall streets. A table stands before him, at which sit two clerks. They, too, have wigs and

tails, only the wigs are plainer and the tails shorter. On the table lies a golden, silver, or gilded *mace*. This is a powerful instrument in the hand of the speaker, especially when he knocks down the opposition with it. On the right and left of the chair are rows of seats, stuffed, and covered with leather, rising above each other. On the left sits Cobbett, O'Connell & Co. On the right, the ministerials. Under the front gallery are also raised seats to accommodate strangers admitted on the floor. Of course there is a large *open space* between the front seats and the speaker's chair.—When I entered, this open space was filled with members standing, and most of them having on their *hats*. They were in small groups, and conversing as loud as merchants do on exchange; and other members, on each side of the house, were sitting, some covered and some uncovered. Many of them were also talking in pairs, and a few, but very few, were listening to the member who was speaking.

This same speaker was no other than the great Daniel O'Connell, Esq. It matters not what he was speaking about; but his manner, matter and voice, very much resembled the matter, manner and voice of the late Thomas A. Emmet. Mr. Holcomb next rose in support of O'Connell's project. While he spoke a scene ensued which I could never have believed would have been acted in the British House of Commons, had I not seen it with my own eyes. British House of Commons, indeed! thought I, as I viewed the uproar: common enough you look in all conscience; and a *Reformed* Parliament too.

You have often seen in their speeches the word (hear) and sometimes (hear, hear.) I used to think this was indecorous enough; but it was hear, hear, hear, hear,

hear, five times, and by five times twenty-five voices at once, and as fast as they could blow them out of their mouths—strangers in the galleries joining in confusion. Then it was ba, ba, ba, and at last they came to a loud *hurrah*. Here Mr. Holcomb paused. Says he, "Mr. Speaker, am I to be insulted in this manner in this house with impunity. If any gentleman will step forward and give his name, I shall know how to take my measures." Here he was again drowned by the hears, the bahs, the hurrahs, and a universal laugh, in which the *speaker* of the *house*, the clerks, door-keepers and strangers joined. In 1793, there might have been more blood shed in a meeting of the *sans culottes* in Paris, but more confusion and more noise I think there could not be.

Says I to my neighbour, is this the far-famed House of Commons? Was it by such men and manners that the measures which lost to Britain a continent were sanctioned? Was it here, or in the next room, that Lord Chatham, while protesting against the mad measures of Lord North, sunk down and died at his post? Was it thus the orders in council were confirmed, which eventuated in the late war? And is it thus they discuss plans on which hang the life and interests of millions? It is even so; and this is the parliament, and a *reformed parliament* too, who think they are the men, and that wisdom will die with them. Thinks I, had Hall, Hamilton, or Fiddler, witnessed such a mob-looking government in our congress, they might have lived a twelve-month on the paragraph. Cobbett and O'Connell sat side by side in front of the opposition ranks. They looked like two great mastiffs of democracy, panting to enter the ring of political bull baiting.

I thought of going into the House of Peers, but a lit-

tle trouble and a small expense was in the way. A gentleman proposed to introduce me to the king, as there was a levee to be held next day—but, says he, you will have to get a court dress; and, says I, what is a court dress? says he, you will have to get silk stockings, breeches, a cocked hat and a sword. Says I, were I to put all these articles on, and look in the glass, I should not know myself. He smiled; but, says I, what will this sword, hat, &c., &c., cost? Why, says he, you may get them all for twenty guineas. Twenty guineas, says I; I would not give twenty guineas to see all the kings in Christendom. *Ah, says he, you are a true Scot.* On the whole, I thought the speakers in the House of Commons were very common-place speakers, not to be compared (in my opinion) with Maxwell, Price, Anthon, three eminent lawyers, and many others I have heard at the Hall.

Never having seen a play acted, and wishing to see how they held the mirror up to nature, I took my seat in a front box. The house was splendid, the company splendid, the dresses of the actors splendid, and as far as I could judge, the acting was splendid. This was at Covent Garden Theatre—the play Richard the Third. It was acted to the life, as a connoisseur told me. I liked the play, and heard nothing immoral about it. But in the farce or afterpiece, when a company of young women came out to dance, I was perfectly satisfied that the theatre is no school for morality. I expressed my astonishment to a friend beside me; he said that was modesty itself, compared to what he had seen on some occasions.

CHAPTER VI.

The Bank of England—General Post-Office—Custom House—Streets of London—Female Postillions, &c.

The Bank of England

Is the most important institution of the kind that exists in the world. And the *history* of *banking* furnishes no example that can at all compare with it for the range and multiplicity of its transactions, and for the vast influence which it possesses among the moneyed institutions of every country.

This bank was chartered in 1694, one hundred and forty years ago. (Query. When will America boast of a bank so ancient?)

The business hours are from 9 till 5; and any person may visit most of the apartments. The principal entrance is in Threadneedle-street, not far from the American Coffee-House. This immense pile of buildings is more extensive in its range of offices than any other public institution in London. I saw one room wherein were upwards of 100 clerks, all engaged in one distinct department of the business; there is one room, where the exclusive business of the clerks is to detect forgeries. The *rotunda* is a spacious circular room, with

a lofty dome. Here a large and heterogenous mass of persons, of all nations and classes, assemble to buy and sell stock. The building is 440 feet on the west side, 410 on the north side, 365 on the south, and 245 on the east side; the whole is constructed without *timber*. I saw one clerk receiving, and another paying out sovereigns by the *pound weight*.

The General Post-Office.

Its system and arrangements is another of those tremendous concerns, with which this world of a city abounds. It is situated in *St. Martin's-le-Grand*. The building is 400 feet in length, and eighty in depth. The secretary resides in the building, and the upper stories contain sleeping-rooms for the foreign clerks, who are liable to be called to duty on the arrival of the mails. The basement story is rendered fire-proof by brick vaultings. They have an ingenious machine for conveying coals to the upper stories, and a simple means for forcing water to any part of the edifice in case of fire. The whole building is lighted by gas, of which there are nearly 1,000 burners.

In this city you may walk in a straight line a distance of seven miles without getting off the pavements. Therefore, to expedite the delivery of the letters in the morning, they have light carriages called *accelerators*. In them are placed the postman and his letters; each taking a division of the metropolis, they drop the letter carriers in their own particular walk. The average number of letters that pass through the post-office in one week exceeds half a million. The inland-office employs about 200 superintendents, clerks, and sorters: besides about 200 persons in delivering the letters;

and the foreign department employs about 20 clerks and sorters, besides 34 persons in delivering. The two-penny post employs about 50 sorters and clerks—besides there is one *branch* office in Lombard-street, one in Charing Cross, and one in Vere-street; there are besides upwards of 150 receiving houses in different parts of the city.

The Custom-House

Is another mammoth concern. Its length 480, and its breadth 100 feet. It affords accommodation to about 650 clerks and officers, besides 1000 tide waiters and servants. The long-room for entries, &c., is 180 feet long, and 60 in width. They have a comfortable arrangement in this room;—just as the clock struck one, I observed a number of small boys come in, with four raw oysters and a piece of bread on a plate, and set it down on the desks by each clerk. I thought this was preferable to running out to an eating house. This building stands on the banks of the Thames in the *lower* end of the city, much in the same proportion to London, as if it stood on the Coffee-House Slip in New-York. The banks, post-office, exchange, &c., &c., are all down town.

I dined with an old gentleman who had been an officer in the custom-house for 50 years—he is now retired on *full pay*. He says that no competent officer is ever discharged except for bad behavior, and whenever they have served 50 years in any office, they are entitled to full pay for life. I think this is a *politic* and *just* arrangement. It stimulates to good behavior; and when a man serves the public faithfully for 50 years, he certainly is justly entitled to a comfortable support during the few re-

maining years of his life. But in America we manage things otherwise—no matter, though a man may have lost an eye, an arm, or a leg, when fighting for his country's rights. No matter, though his goods have been pillaged, his dwelling burned, and his wife and children drove to look for shelter through the freezing snow of a winter's night. No matter, though he has served the public with fidelity and honesty ever since his appointment in the days of Washington. No matter, though his salary is barely sufficient to keep soul and body together, and of course he is unable to lay up for old age. All this matters not: he is removed to make room for some lazy, hungry, political favourite, who was very useful to the party at the last election, by cursing and swearing, telling lies and getting drunk at the poles; (and yet these men are supported by the majority of those who are styled friends of morality.) The consequence is, that no man of honour or respectability will give up the profits of his own profession for the sake of serving the public; and men without principle, knowing the uncertain tenor by which they hold their office, will make the most of it, (as many of them have done,) and so become defaulters.

Another great evil is the instability of every thing.—In less than 35 years I have seen two *United States' Banks* cut up, mangled and murdered, to answer the purposes of a few unprincipled, pennyless, political intriguers.

But to return to the streets of London. Nothing can exceed the good-natured humility of many ladies and gentlemen of the British metropolis; for instead of employing their coachmen and grooms to drive them, they frequently undertake the office of their servants, and mount the coach box, or the dicky, while the servants

are lounging by their sides, or lolling within the carriage. The coach-box tete-a-tete between ladies and their grooms, have a most engaging effect in the crowded streets of London, particularly if Thomas happens (which is sometimes the case) to have his arms round the waist of his mistress to prevent her falling—into worse hands. The drive in Hyde Park, and that noisy, crowded, thronged thoroughfare, Bond-street, that puppet-show stage of fashion, presents many scenes of this kind. Here may often be seen a female flogging-driver (improperly called a lady) dashing along in her lofty curricle, with one lounging groom at her side, and two others behind, thereby creating wonder, fear, and pity, from a gaping multitude.

I believe London is the only place in the world where men and women of fashion have *raised* themselves to a *level* with their coachmen and postillions. Had Mrs. Trollope, or Parson Fiddler, witnessed such scenes in New-York, what a grand theme there would have been for a display of their fine moral sensibilities.

CHAPTER VII.

Second visit to the Tower of London.

In the *Tower* of *London* there are a thousand recollections of events, generally painful, but all interesting, which seem by most people entirely forgotten. There, not only virtue and heroism, but *female innocence and beauty* have been offered up a catacomb to the base passions of many of those *royal blooded monsters, Kings*—men falsely so called—who, in days gone by, cursed these beautiful fields of England (for, thank God, neither the annals of my native nor of my adopted country are stained by deeds so barbarous) with their hateful persons. This honour of murdering weak, delicate, helpless, beautiful woman, seems exclusively to belong to those chivalrous spirits, the descendants of St. George, St. Louis, Bonaparte's invincibles, and those opium-fed beings called Turks. When I stood on the spot where the head of Lady Jane Gray and others rolled in the basket, these and the following reflections forced themselves on my mind. I looked back to the days when that monster in human shape, King Richard, cursed the earth. I saw, on the spot where I stood, the scaffold, the block, the executioner in horrid attire, and at this moment the fatal axe was in my hand. I saw the ring formed, composed of the

Knights of the Temple, of the Cross, of Malta, and of Jerusalem. There they sat on the backs of their horses, themselves accoutred in all the material and circumstance of war—shield and buckler, sword in hand, spear in rest, and bow and quiver by their sides. And for what is all this military array? Why it is one thousand of the *Champions of England* met to assist in the murder of a weak, beautiful, innocent woman. I looked up to the bell, and fancied I heard it toll. I turned and beheld the door through which she walked to death, supported by two priests bearing the cross—her sable dress and mourning veil—her face pale yet lovely in death. She looked like a tender lilly of the valley, drooping its modest head among the black smoke and cinders of Mount Vesuvius. But what must have been her thoughts when she beheld the Percy, the Gloster, the York, the Lancaster, and all those mighty murderers of the human race, assembled to shed her blood: they, who, but a few days before, had wore her *colour*, fought in her name at the tournament, talked about lady love, and bent to her the knee—now, like servile slaves, at the nod of their little master they guard her to the slaughter. Now Mrs. Trollope and Parson Fiddler, these beings said they were Englishmen; but had there been aught than *craven blood* in their milk and water veins, they would have sped their arrows through the black soul of their tyrant.

There the patriot, with a brow of indignant virtue, and a mind flaming with holy zeal for the welfare of his fellow men, has smiled under the axe, and put the seal of blood to the testament of his principles.—There the faithful and upright minister has found his prison and his grave, from the sceptred and ungrateful hand too forgivingly saluted when raised to strike the

annihilating blow.* And there, too, the "diadem encircled brow" has one moment stood exalted in the pride and entire plenitude of power, and the next sunk under the arm of the assassin. But there are recollections of a livelier kind attached to the tower. A long race of princes kept court there. Among them are Henry V. and Edward III. Within its walls those two scourges of France welcomed "shout and revelry," and fair dames distributed prizes to the victors at the tournament, when the mailed heroes "drank the red wine through the helmet barred," and the proud crusader—"*le casque sur le front, et le croix sur le sein*,"—"with helmet on his brow, and cross upon his breast," reined in his stately courser, and dismounted to bend the knee to beauty. Thus the union of grandeur and misery, of the palace and the dungeon, of all the extremes of human existence, have contributed to make the tower a place of durable remembrance.

Diverging from Tower-street a little to the left, on entering upon Tower Hill, is the spot where the scaffold formerly stood, near the south-western angle of the iron palisadoes enclosing the plantation. These scaffold-posts were fixtures in the ground, the planks that covered them being only removed after an execution. They remained there until the revolution, and consisted of four upright pieces of wood placed at right angles, having two shorter posts on the western side, which latter most probably supported the steps—those steps, to ascend which Sir Thomas Moore asked assistance of the lieutenant of the tower, saying, "friend, help me up, and when I come down again let me shift for myself," —and to the executioner, that "he would get little

* Read the fate of Cromwell, Earl of Essex, in Hume.

credit for beheading him, his neck was so short." There also fell his friend Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who lingered a year in the tower, deprived even of necessary clothing, for refusing to acknowledge that monster of crime, Henry, to be God's vicegerent upon earth.

There died Cromwell, Earl of Essex, without having had a trial; the virtuous Earl of Surry, one of our early poets; the politic Strafford, and the energetic Sir Henry Vane, whose last address to the people being feared, was drowned by the noise of drums placed round the scaffold for that purpose. And there fell the patriotic and heroic *Sidney*, the innocent and venerable Countess of Salisbury, the last of the line of the Plantagenets, who ran round the scaffold, and refused to lay her head on the block without a trial, her gray locks hanging over her shoulders, till, after many fruitless blows aimed at her neck by the executioner, the race that had swayed the sceptre of England for three hundred years, was extinguished by a brutal stroke. (Well, Mrs. Trollope, where was now your champions of England, your gallant knights, your men of refinement, with their breast-plates of steel and ten thousand lances at rest—a set of babbling boys, gabbling about *lady love* and protecting innocence? There they stand in mock martial array to witness the brutal murder of their *grandmother*. Why, woman, you never heard of such soulless meanness among the red savages in the western wilds of America.*)

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* These and similar remarks I made to the chief officers, their ladies and daughters, wardens, constables, lieutenants, mayors, &c. In the room which contains the *armory* I saw 150,000 stand of arms, all ready for actual service in five minutes. This room is 345 feet long by 60 broad. While walking here with the warden,

For the tower again. There poor Anna Boleyn smiled at the shortness of her neck for the headsman's purpose. There poor Jane Shore was left to die in a ditch with hunger and cold, because another of those brutal kings commanded his slaves not to give her food or shelter. While I stood on *Shore ditch*, I wondered in my mind—"could there not be found MEN enough in all England, rather to have torn the flinty heart from his carcass."

Volumes might be filled with the deeds of those devils in human shape, but instead of enumerating others, it may be best to follow the path over which their headless trunks were conveyed, back to their former place of confinement. There is something very imposing in the massy buildings of the tower gates and their quadruple guards, in passing under the low, heavy, gothic portals which lead to it, and which have conducted so many, as Shakspeare has it, to "make a bloody supper in the tower." Dungeons and bastiles, inquisition and torture, rush upon the mind, and one thinks of the En-

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the officers, ladies, &c., came in in dozens. I asked the warden what it meant. Says he, "they have come to see you." "Then," says I, "as this is a place of sights, let us go and see them." I was introduced—when, for ten minutes, there was perhaps more shaking of hands and *tender good will* than has taken place there since the days of *King John* and the *Magna Charta*. First came the hard mailed glove of the veteran of Waterloo. Then the soft glove of the ladies, with hands as white and delicato as used to be seen in that same tower in the golden days of *Queen Bess*. I then learned, that as soon as I had entered my name on the book in the *guard-house*, (a thing required of all strangers,) the alarm was given, that the New-York seedsman and Laurie Todd were in the tower. They beat, not to arms however; but the garrison was mostly turned out.

glish Lord Chancellor, who, flaming with love and zeal for the name of miscalled religion, insisted that the lieutenants of the tower should tighten the rack yet more, on which the tender limbs of the beautiful Anne Askew were agonizing, and on the lieutenants' refusal to do so, actually doing it himself. This savage was a refined English gentleman, Mrs. Trollope.

The space between the gates and the moat is extremely gloomy, and has struck a chill upon the heart of many a state-prisoner, as he was conducted across its narrow road. It is here that the mind becomes impressed with the aspect of the place, to a degree of melancholy; the black dilapidated byeward tower, and the drawbridge; the antique-looking yeoman at the gate, the bloody tower, the portcullis which points down its sharp terminations, threatening the assailant; and the gates of oak, studded with iron, and crumbling to decay—are yet perfect enough to show the precautions by which, in former times, they sought to render their fortresses impregnable. On the other side is the gate, under which the prisoners were conveyed by water to their dungeons immediately under the river. It was on that gate that the heads of persons put to death were exhibited on stakes, after *pickling* to preserve them as long as possible from the action of the weather, according to the barbarous manners of the times. It was under that gate, that Queen Elizabeth entered a prisoner; and while entering, exclaimed, "here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed on these stairs, and before God I speak it."

One of the most painfully interesting sights in the fortress, is the room that is called the Beaucamp Tower, where many illustrious prisoners were confined; and the sad inscriptions it contained on the

walls, "Jane," supposed to be Jane Grey, was visible, but destroyed in altering a window; numerous scrawls still remain legible.

In the chapel are interred many of the sufferers from regal vengeance; among them Anna Boleyn, whose beautiful eyes, as she turned them on the executioner, so affected him, he was obliged to have recourse to stratagem to strike the fatal blow. Her body was flung into an old arrow case and interred, while her execrable husband awaited impatiently at Richmond, a short distance from London, the sound of the guns that told him of her execution. The appeal of Anna Boleyn to heaven on her being sentenced to die, is one of the most beautiful on record. "O, Father! O, Creator! thou who art the way, the truth, and the life: thou knowest that I have not deserved this death."

While I held in one hand the axe which severed the head from her body; and in the other the following pathetic letter, which she wrote in the room in which I stood, to try to move to pity the heart of that brute in human shape, Henry the Eighth, her husband, I wondered where then had slept the thunder-bolts of heaven, that the monster was not blasted from the earth. I said to the warden, where now was your Knight Templars, heroes sworn to protect the innocent? Cowardly slaves! the fear of a single tyrant made them stand and assent to the murder of his innocent queen. Mrs. Trollope, this king and these mighty champions were some of your *refined English gentlemen.*

The Letter.

Sir—Your grace's displeasure and my imprisonment are things so strange to me, as what to write or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send to me (willing me to confess a truth, and to obtain your favour) by such a one, whom you know to be my professed enemy—I no sooner received this message by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning. And if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed may procure my safety, I shall, with all willingness and duty, perform your command.

But let not your grace ever imagine, that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought thereof ever presided. And to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anna Boleyn; with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exalted station, or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your grace's fancy, the least alteration I knew was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other object.

You have chosen me from a low estate to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire; if then you have found me worthy of such honour—it is well. But let not a light fancy or bad counsel of mine enemies withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain of a disloyal heart towards your good grace, ever cast so foul a blot on

your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess your daughter.

Try me, good king; but let me have a *lawful* trial, and let not mine sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges. Yea, let me receive an open trial, (for my truth shall fear no open shame,) then shall you see mine innocence cleared, your conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So, whatever God or your grace may determine of me, your grace may be freed from open censure; and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unfaithful wife, but to follow your affection already settled on that party for whose sake I am now as I am; and whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto your grace, not being ignorant of my suspicion therein.

But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoyment of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin therein; and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof. That he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me at his general judgment seat, where both you and myself must *shortly* appear; and in whose judgment I doubt not, whatsoever the world may think of me, mine innocence shall be openly known and sufficiently cleared.

My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burthen of your grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who, as I understand, are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found fa-

vour in your sight; if ever the name of Anna Boleyn hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request, and I will so leave to trouble your grace any further; with earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your grace in good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions.

From my doleful prison in the tower, this 6th day of May, 1536. Your Most Loyal and ever Faithful Wife,

ANNA BOLEYN.

This letter was written with a view, if possible, to soften the obdurate heart of her husband. It had not the desired effect, neither was her last request granted. *Execrable villain!*

This *English bastile* was begun to be erected in the year 1076. The French bastiles were built about the same time. We may be thankful that the soil of America has not yet been cursed with these engines of tyranny, nor with the wretches that used them. Were proof wanting to establish the doctrine of a *general judgment*, the fact that the Henrys in England, and Louises in France, once cursed the earth, would be proof sufficient. On the whole, melancholy was my predominant feeling while in the tower, when reflecting that I was treading over the lifeless trunks of (perhaps) thousands, whose heads were exposed on tower gates and temple bar, to be wasted by the winds and picked by the ravens, to glut the bloody appetite of these savage kings.

CHAPTER IX.

Sir A. C——,—Sign Boards, &c.

In London you may reside for years and know but little of the city; the only true view of London is to be seen in the colosseum, round whose walls is hung a panoramic painting, which occupies 40,000 square feet of canvass, or nearly one acre. Here you may see London, with twenty miles of country around, as true as nature itself. But the city is so constantly shaded by smoke, particularly in winter, that you can neither see sun, moon, nor stars, for many days. The people are not quite so social here as in Edinburgh. There is a certain consequential carriage about an Englishman wherever he goes, that he seems to think *there's nane like 'em.* The following is an instance:

A Muckle Man, and a We'e Head.

Sir A. C—— left his card at the house of my friend where I lodged, with a pressing request that I would call at 12 M. next day at his house, as he wished me to transact a piece of particular business for him on my arrival in America. Within a minute of the time I

was at the door; it was a rainy day, and I had walked a mile. I rang the bell—the door was opened by a servant in livery. "Is Sir Andrew within?" "He is." "Can I see him?" He looked at my hat and surtout. I ever make it a point to put on my worst coat in rainy weather. This coat I had worn on ship-board, and from Liverpool to London, and from London to Edinburgh, &c., travelling night and day nearly four months: but you will observe, I always travel inside,—a man who is careful of his coat will never be careless of his person. By-the-by, most travellers ride outside in Britain. A stage will carry eighteen passengers, but there is room only for four inside. I think that in taking care of the *person* consists one of the most essential points of economy. To establish this proposition, (as Maxwell and Price would say at the Hall,) I will relate an anecdote, or circumstance, or what you please. N. B. When travelling in Britain, always secure your ticket the day previous to starting, if you wish to occupy an inside seat. *But to return*—On the 10th of December, I think, at 3 o'clock P. M., I stepped into the coach for Liverpool. There were two ladies and myself; the fourth seat was not engaged. We drove from Cockspur-street, and stopped at St. Paul's to take on some packages of merchandise. While thus engaged, a gentleman pops in his head—"Any room within?" "By my side, sir, there is enough, as you are not very large, no more than myself." (It was now dark, and just commenced raining.) In a moment he was at my side, highly pleased with his seat, and having a partner who would not squeeze him to death, as he said had like to have happened to him the night previous, riding all night with a two legged animal weighing above two hundred and fifty pounds, he presumed. When this

same gentleman was letting down the steps, the younger of the ladies, who sat on the back seat, exclaims "Oh, my husband!" "Where is he, ma'am?" "On the top of the coach." "And why was he not by your side?" "I told him so, and that it would rain. He said he would ride to the first change of horses, (eight miles) and as it was not likely the seats would be filled, he would then come in at under price." "I presume your husband is no stranger to the road?" "He has travelled much," says she. "Then," says I, he ought to have known better; but, says I, ma'am, though we are commanded to love our neighbor *as ourselves*, (*not better ;*) yet were you on the top on such a night, I would give you my seat, and put up at the first stage till morning; and I advise you to ask your husband to stop till this time to-morrow, when the same stage will stop and take you on without any additional expense." She made the proposition; he would not comply. As the rain descended, the wind blew, and the hail beat against the side and glass of the carriage, she still exclaimed, "Oh, my husband!" The elderly lady said little; my friend by my side speaks out to mend the matter. Says he, I started from the Crown and Anchor, about the same hour, a twelvemonth ago. It was a fine evening. I thought I might save a half guinea by taking the top.—About an hour after starting it commenced raining, and never stopped till I got into Liverpool. I took sick next morning—was not out of doors for ten weeks. I feel the effects of it now, besides paying the doctor forty guineas. Again she exclaims, "*Oh, my husband!*" We rode in profound darkness from 4 P. M. to 8 A. M., when we stopped for breakfast. Every time we stopped through the night, which was almost every hour to change horses, she still called him to the window—"Are

you cold? Are you wet? Go into the hotel and get some warm drink," &c. Indeed, there was so much *honey* mixed with these coach-window lectures, that I began to think it must be the second week of the *new moon*. At breakfast, the husband was so hoarse that he could speak only with difficulty. At 9 A. M., the sun shone out bright; we could now see one another, and the world around us. Before two hours, we were well acquainted. The young lady had been to London, a journey of fifty miles, just to get married in St. Mary's Church, because she had been christened there, and was now *gane ba'k again*. The other lady seemed to be about thirty-five. I presumed she must have been christened, but not married, as her card denoted Miss B——, of B——. The gentleman on my right was a Mr. R., a merchant from Liverpool. I afterwards paid him a visit. Miss B—— seemed a lady in every sense of the word—spoke little, but much to the purpose—had plenty of money, which she paid away in profusion to the book-pedlars, ginger-bread and pie-pedlars, beggars and children, that beset our carriage wherever we stopped.

Mr. R. and I had just finished a three miles conversation. While we spoke she seemed all attention. We stopped for a minute. Pray, sir, says she, (looking in my face,) did you ever read any of John Galt's novels? I have, madam, says I. Did you ever, says she, read Laurie Todd? Yes, madam; and have you, madam, says I read that book? I have, says she; and if I mistake not, I see before me the hero of the tale. As I said nothing to the contrary, she held out her hand. Most willingly, says she, would I have travelled a hundred miles from my road for the pleasure of meeting you. We then exchanged cards and compliments in abun-

dance. In four hours we stopped at the *Saracen's Head*, in Liverpool, where we parted to meet no more in this world. This, too, is one of the miseries of travelling. We frequently make friends in the stage, steamboat, or by the way, just enough to feel the pain of parting. But I have nearly forgotten Sir Andrew, with whose story I set out. The man glanced again at my worst coat. "Shall I tell him your business?" Tell him my business is with him. The parlor door stood open before me—no person there—a large coal fire blazing. I heard no stir nor symptom of return from down stairs. I pulled off my surtout and hat, hung them on a chair in the passage, wiped well my booted feet on a large rug, stepped in the parlor, lifted a book from the table, and sat down by the fire. The servant enters with a broad stare, on seeing me calmly perusing a book by the fire. Sir Andrew will be here in a few minutes, says he. No hurry, says I. In all this I thought not at the time, nor do I think now, that I was violating any of the standard principles of common decency, sense or politeness. I knew Sir Andrew was the party to be *obliged*. I had walked a mile through the rain, on pavements trod by millions, till the mud gets as tough as *bird-lime*, so that when you take one step forward, you frequently slide two back. So I did not feel quite like a pauper to be coolly treated by one of his menials.

In about ten minutes more, a door opened in the far end of the parlor, and in stalks a tall, emaciated, lank-looking figure. He appeared like a very tenant of mortality, just prematurely awoke from a midnight and early morning debauch. Presuming it was he, I arose, lays the book on the table, and walks towards him. Says I, I presume this is Mr. C———; Sir Andrew C———, if you please. Says I, sir, I stand *corrected;* I know as

well as any man how to respect worth and greatness, where I find them combined; but I have sojourned forty years in a country where titles are not rife, and though I mean no disrespect, yet I find it very unhandy to make my tongue twist to your sir concerns here. Then, says he, I am speaking with Mr. T——, I suppose; my name is T——, says I. He began to apologize for detaining me so long and for his abrupt salutation. Says he, you ought to have sent in your name. I know it, sir; but I like to amuse myself now and then with your foibles. They are only foibles, says he; but, says I, I wonder a man of your talent and acquirements would snap so quick at a small slip of your *title* from a stranger. Says he, you caught me off guard this morning; my head is muddy. We shook hands, went to business, and parted the best of friends. He presented me with two of his last publications. Last week I executed the commission he put in my hand, and I think it will be much to his satisfaction. This agreeable, though rather vain gentleman, is no less a personage than S—— to his majesty.

N. B. In a part above, I speak of ladies riding outside of the stage. It is a very common occurrence.

In London, one day in November, it was so very dark that I got shaved by gas light at 11 A. M. I was much amused in reading the inscriptions on the sign boards; one was coat maker, hat maker, boot or spur maker for his majesty. Another, frock maker, cape maker, corset or glove maker for her majesty. Thousands are licensed to sell tea, sugar and coffee, provisions, snuff and tobacco, porter and pies; and I saw on the sign board of one man, licensed to sell *hay* and *straw*. On the front of a three story building in large letters, reaching from top to bottom, I observed the following:—

Sight restored,
and Head-ache cured,
by Grindstone's
celebrated
Eye Snuff,—sold here.

I thought there was something sounded so hard and gritty about curing eyes by a grindstone, that I smiled by myself. On some of the church doors is a board, in large letters :—*Attendance given here every day at 2 o'clock, to church women and christen children.* On others—for *funerals* and *marriages*, inquire of the sexton, No. 45 Threadneedle-street, or wherever it may be. These sign-boards made the church look so much like a house of merchandise—at least so it appeared to me.

There is *Amen*-street, crossed by Paternoster Row, which makes corner of Paternoster and *Amen*.

In London, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Glasgow, and elsewhere, I had the pleasure of conversing with some, and not a few either, of the best men of the age—great fighters, great racers, great duelists, and great play-actors. Small as I am, I look down on them. But great preachers, great physicians, great surgeons, and great teachers of any science, I think are the *true friends* of *man*.

But, in my opinion, the most extraordinary man in our age is J. C. Loudon, F. L. S. H. S., &c., of London. His hands are lame, so that he is unable to carve his food or wield a pen ; yet he has sent forth, and continues to send forth to the world, more books than any one who lives, or has lived, perhaps since the days of Shakspeare. His Encyclopedias of gardening, of plants, and of agriculture alone, one would think, when he looks on them, are more than sufficient for the labours of the

longest life. He also publishes, periodically, the Gardener's Magazine, and another entitled Cottage Architecture, &c. But when God withheld from him the use of his fingers, he more than restored them in the person of his wife—he indites and she writes. (I thought of Milton and his daughter.) She is a woman of strong mind, as well as a ready pen. They have only one child, (a girl,) so this excellent woman is able to devote her whole time to her husband. He is a Scotchman, a man of strong *mother wit*, and a clear head.

CHAPTER X.

Liverpool—its Wharves, Trade and Shipping—new Cemetery—Huskisson's Death—Monument—Mourning Widow—Psalm-singing Beggars—Prince Rupert's Cottage, &c.

"It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting; for that is the end of all men—and the living will lay it to his heart."—Eccls.

LIVERPOOL is not quite as large as New-York; but it is probable there is more capital and business there. Nature has done but little for them; but, to a large extent, they have remedied this defect by art. At *low water* the river *Mersey* makes a very poor appearance; but their substantial *stone docks*, spacious *ware-houses*, and the wharves shut up at night with walls and gates, guarded by the police, and no fire allowed on board the shipping, form altogether such an appearance of comfort and security to the merchant's and their property, as perhaps the like is nowhere else to be found.

The new cemetery at Liverpool is the site of an old stone quarry. You descend from the top of the rock by a winding path to the level bottom, a distance of nearly one hundred feet. I should think, from its appearance, that the place of burial occupies nearly one

mile square. As you look down on the humble graves and splendid monuments below, it looks most solemnly imposing, and awfully grand, as if presenting to the mind a view of the valley of the shaddow of death. I saw six sextons at work in the bowels of the earth.—They stood up to the neck, and were digging yet deeper the houses appointed for all the living. With the dark, damp wall of rocks all around, the black iron doors of the graves, and the caves cut out of the rocks, make it look like the very land of forgetfulness itself.

Here is deposited the remains of the great Mr. Huskisson. They are just about erecting a splendid monument to his memory, this day, December 18, 1833. The workmen have laid bare the *iron chest* which contains his bones, preparatory to laying the foundation. The sight of his premature grave was fraught with solemn reflections and admonitions of instruction. At the time of his sudden death, he was perhaps the most popular man in England. He had been active in promoting the erection of the Manchester Rail-road. On the day of its completion, and amid the shouts of the assembled thousands, he was summoned, as in a moment, from time to eternity.

The Duke of Wellington was present. The duke and he had a difference some time previous, and the duke had him removed from the councils of the nation. They had not spoke for some time. Now there he stood in the proud consciousness of a public benefactor, watching the eyes of Wellington as they scanned the vast assembly, and saying as it were in his heart, these are my strength—you now see where my hope lies.—At this moment the duke and he in appearance were *made friends*. They had just *shaken hands;* the people were shouting long live Huskisson, the friend of

man. The duke and he were in earnest conversation, and there was but a step between him and *death*—for there stood *Death*, paying no respect to the noise of the people, or pride of the parties, his head bent, earnestly engaged in fitting the arrow to the bow-string. He slowly stands erect, takes aim for a moment—it touches the vitals, and a great man has fallen in Israel that day.

It appears by some accident that can hardly be accounted for, that one of those cars of his glory passed over his person, and before the morning's sun, all that remained of this great, (and from all I can learn,) good man, was but a heap of dust. While I stood with my hand on the cold iron coffin which held that head, that only a day before contained projects and plans, which the life of Methuselah was too short to see executed, I thought how small and vain is man, and yet *Thou* art mindful of him.

There, too, I saw the new made widow. She led in each hand a tender pledge of love. She stopped by the *grave* of her husband. As I approached she was cropping the yellow leaves from two handsome monthly rose-bushes, which stood one at the head and the other at the foot of his grave. At the sound of my foot she gave a start, and turned her lovely eyes still floating in tears. Being afraid to intrude on her sacred sorrow, I hastily followed an opposite path, and took my stand where I could see without being seen. She continued dressing the stock and the wall-flower which grew on its sides, while the burning tears dropped fast and thick on the cold sod which covered that breast to which but lately she was fondly pressed. She spoke to her children—no doubt telling them of their father, of whom, from their age, they could have known but little. With slow and steady step she left the grave, her children going

before. Her countenance, contrasted with the mourning weeds, looked as white as the muslin cloth which she oft applied to her moistened cheeks. I followed them with my eyes until they crossed the garden* gate. Then I prayed in my heart that the Father of the fatherless, and the Judge of the widow, would send them help from his Holy Temple.

Many of those chambers of death are dug out from the straight wall of the solid rock. They are shut up with an iron door, and generally there is a white marble slab with black letters surmounting the door, to denote to whom it belongs. On one of these modest looking stones was the following inscription: To the memory of John ———, aged 22 years, who died at sea, March, 1830; and Sarah ———, aged 18 years, 4 months and 25 days, who died September, 1830—the only children of their mother, and she is a WIDOW. The affecting tale detained me at the mouth of the cave. A respectable gentleman, advanced in years, came slowly pacing along. He looked like one who lived among the tombs, and I could read in his face that he was one who would not return an uncivil answer to a question civilly asked.—Says I, "sir, if you can, will you please to tell me aught about this melancholy tale." Says he, "Sir, the widow is my neighbour. I knew the manly boy and lovely girl since they were children. One of those beings in the shape of a man, who dangle about houses where there

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* Among the Jews, the place of burial was termed a *garden*, and the sexton a *gardener*. See John xx. and xv. And the yards in many parts of Britain look like a garden, as most of the graves are planted with flowers. I saw among them, in the month of January, the lauristinus, the rose, the stock, and the wall-flower, in full bloom.

are young women, and when asked (perhaps after some years of dancing attendance) what is their intentions, will very coolly reply, why they meant nothing but merely to spend time. Well, it was one of those despisable blanks in creation who frequented the widow's house till he gained the affections of the daughter, when he suddenly left her, and shortly after was married to another. From that day she drooped, and ere six moons had waned, her corpse was consigned to this narrow house. The widow is supported by a small annuity left by her husband. Her spirit is kept up by the consolations of her Bible, and the hope of joining her friends in another and a better world." These meditations among the tombs took place in a gray, calm, sober-looking afternoon, when the days were at the shortest; and at this season in England, the sky looks gloomy indeed. I walked out of that place of sculls, wishing in my heart that all the fortune hunters, office hunters, pleasure hunters, and fox hunters, would turn aside for an hour and see this great sight. *Well might it cool the* ardour of an office hunter, for here lays Huskisson, cut down in all his flower and prime. Our *men* of *morality* too might here learn a lesson. They will talk all the year about righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, and in *election week* encourage every sort of wickedness with greediness. . These men, to be sure, will not get drunk—may be they will not swear; but they will tell a few lies. Many of these temperance society men think there is no harm in telling lies in election week; and though they do not get drunk themselves, yet they give their money to the tavern keeper, with orders to make as many drunk as they can, and being that it is election week, they think there is no harm in it. In short these

moralist's care not; if they only vote their ticket, they may get drunk and go to hell for all they care. This, by-the-by, is another instance of the beautiful simplicity of our republican government. But to return to Liverpool. As I write, there is now passing my window, in a very public street, a poor man and woman; the man holds in his arms a child apparently about four months old—two other children are walking by their side. They are all four singing, to very good time, some sort of a hymn, to the tune of *old hundred.* I thought this was refinement in beggary.

Everton, in my opinion, is the prettiest little town in England; it stands on a hill adjoining to, and completely overlooks Liverpool. Here you have a view of the country all around, as far as the eye can reach. The beacon on the summit, was built in the year 1220, by Runulph Blunderville, then Earl of Chester.

Prince Rupert's Cottage, so called, from having been the head quarters of that prince in the year 1644, while he was laying siege to Liverpool. It is a long, low, rectangular shaped edifice, about five yards in width, and twenty yards in length; the whole exterior is composed of rude unchiseled stone, cemented together with lime-mortar. The whole is washed over with white lime; the roof is of thatch; the rafters which support the roof are of oak, bare and black with age; clay has been daubed over the inner walls instead of plaster; and, although the present occupiers are cleanly people, it makes a very sorrowful appearance. The floors are of clay, partially tiled; it is built on a solid rock, the steps are cut in the rock to get in at the door. It is now occupied by a family of decent intelligent English cottagers; they conducted me through their ancient but humble dwelling with much good nature.

Here then I sat in the dwelling of a prince and a soldier of fame; the roof of straw, and the round branches as cut from the tree directly over my head. I fancied I saw the mailed warriors on rough benches surround the whole wall of the interior, the points of their spears on the hard, dry, clay floor, their hand on the hilt, and their chins resting on their hands, listening, in sullen silence, to the plans of death and devastation, now proposed by their chiefs.

Perhaps this cottage at that day was as good and as comfortable a dwelling as any for miles around. When we think how many comforts, accommodations and pleasures we enjoy in our dwellings, in travelling by sea and by land, and almost in every thing which our fathers knew nothing about 50 years ago, we ought to be thankful that our lives have fallen to us in pleasant times.

CHAPTER XI.

Enter Scotland—Old Castles and Monasteries—Residence and Grave of Sir Walter Scott—Meeting with my Father, &c.

Dec. 3, 1833.—Crossed the border, and entered Scotland. An intelligent gentleman, one of our passengers, as we passed along, pointed out many of the castles, palaces, monasteries and battle grounds, so well described by Scott, in the *Tales of My Landlord*, and other works. Visited Abbotsford and Dryburgh Abbey; the former the residence, the latter the grave of Sir Walter Scott. So much has been written of late on this subject, that nothing new can be added.

I had written my friends in Dalkeith, nothing extra preventing, I would be with them on the 12th. The stage passes within half a mile of my father's door; the mail-stage passes at 7, the other at 9 P. M. Expecting me in the mail, my brother and sister-in-law were waiting my arrival. Not finding me with the mail, they gave me up for that night. The fact is, a seat in the mail costs two dollars more than one in the stage; so I thought it was too much for the pleasure of arriving two hours sooner.

I was set down at 9 o'clock—procured a person to carry my trunk—arrived at the gate where my father

has lived for half a century—directed the man to call my brother, but not to mention my name, as I wished to try whether my father would remember my voice, not knowing me to be in the room. (He is blind with age.) The family consists of my father, brother and wife, a young man and servant girl. My brother came out. I told him to caution the family not to mention my name. I followed in a minute. My father sat before the fire, his arm resting on a table, and his cheek on the hand. "Is old Mr. Thorburn in the room?" I inquired. "I am here," says he, "what's your wish?" "When did you hear from your sons in America?" says I. "We had a letter *frae* Grant the other day; he is some *way aboot* Lunnun or Liverpool, he *ay rites his comin doon, but his unco lang aboot it.*" I found he did not recognise my voice. I continued, "Don't you find a great loss in the want of your sight; you used to read and walk so much?" "To be sure it is a loss," says he; "but how can an *auld* man *O ninety-ane* expect to *hae a'* his faculties. I my be very glad there is *ony o'* them left. I can hear my *freends* speak to me; I can eat my bit meat;* my health is gude, and I sleep *weel* at night; so I ought to be very thankful." I made some other inquiry, when he says, (beginning to recollect my voice,) "but, am thinking yere Grant *himsell.*" The rest may be *described*, but cannot be *felt.*

It was now within a few months of forty years since we first parted on that same spot. At that time our calculations were, that we would never meet until we met in eternity. But here we were, and in circumstances of peace, comfort, and plenty, A pleasure this,

* Meat, in Scotland, means all sorts of food.

which few who have left their father's house ever enjoyed in such perfection. Not many days after I sat down to dinner with nearly twenty of my old school fellows. We had then the days o' lang syne up to nature.

The seat of the Buccleugh family stands in a beautiful park at the foot of the town (Dalkeith) where my father resides. I received an invitation from, and spent a pleasant half hour with the duke and his duchess. He is a gentleman of the most amiable deportment and manners. It may be said of them, in truth, that they have been formed after the same model. The family ever have been as nursing fathers and mothers to the widow, the orphan, the sick, and the poor of the parish; and the present family follow in the steps of their predecessors. They are both young, neither of them being over twenty-five years of age. When introduced, the duke was engaged in conversation with two gentlemen. He joined me at once, led me into an elegant parlour, where we were joined by the duchess in a few minutes. She on the one side, I on the other, and he in front of the fire. We conversed of times and things. I addressed them simply, sir and madam, observing—I hoped they would excuse my plainness of speech; that I knew how to respect worth, and especially when I found it in superiors, (as without flattery was now the case;) but being unused to courtly style, to attempt it now would be making bad worse. The duke observed—he hoped while in their company I would feel as if at home, that he knew what value to put in empty sounds. The nurses brought in their two pretty children. As descendants of a worthy family, I kissed them with my lips, while I blessed them in my heart.

The duchess thanked me for the polite dedication (as she termed it) of my history to her.* I said I had my doubts of its politeness, but was sure of its sincerity. But, madam, said I, you can say what perhaps no lady in Britain can say about a dedication, it was addressed to you from the cabin of the ship *George Washington*,†

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* The London edition of my Forty Years Residence is dedicated to the duchess, as follows :—

To Her Grace
the Duchess of Buccleugh
would I dedicate this Book, were I master of the
courtly style.
When I think of her who was duchess
fifty years ago, as I saw her feeding the robin,
the sparrow, and the raven,
from her basket of crumbs, on the freezing
snows of a winter's morning.—
As I saw her gathering up the loaves and fishes,
and giving them to the poor, that
nothing might be lost.—
As I saw her giving her gold to the widow,
and her silver to the orphan of the Parish.—
I say, when I think on these things,
the name,
Duchess of Buccleugh,
sounds like music in mine ear.
That you, madam, may long enjoy in this world
the peace which passeth all understanding,
and a mansion in the skies,
when the castles and palaces of earth
will shiver in the blaze,
is the prayer of your sincere well-wisher,
GRANT THORBURN.

† In December, 1833, and February, 1834, I met more than *one* person in London, who seriously believed that General Washington was born in England. Oh how Basile Hall and Mrs. Trollope would have stared at each other, had they met such profound ignorance in Washington City or New-York.

in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. She smiled at the remark, and observed, it was very likely to be the first instance of the kind.

When we parted the duchess said, if there was any thing in the garden or green-houses, in the shape of plants or roots, that I would wish to take with me to America, to tell the head gardener that it was her wish they should be properly put up for me. I mention this, and I could mention other instances of the same polite attention I received from persons high in society, not from ostentation, but that those who read these lines may see, that what are termed *nobility* in Europe, are not *all of them* the brainless fools that multitudes in this country take them to be; and to bear my testimony of respect to that worthy family, who have been the chief support of my native town for many generations.*

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* About fifty years ago, a poor woman living in the parish of Dalkeith, having a favour to ask from the duchess, put on her best Tartan plaid, and goes forth. On the way, she steps in to the house of a neighbor gossip, told where she was going, and asked what she should say when she spoke to the duchess. Oh, says the gossip, you must say your grace.† Well, the old lady arrived at the palace, was shown into the room where the duchess gave audience to these people. "Well, good woman," says the duchess, "what is your wish?" "For what we are going to receive, may the Lord make us thankful, Amen." The duchess smiled, and repeated her question. "For what we are going to receive," &c., again says the old woman. The duchess was unable to sit with laughter. She called a female servant, and told her to see what the old lady wanted. The request was readily granted, and probably doubled for the humour of the joke.

† "Your grace," is the fashionable mode of speaking when you address the wife of a duke. But the old lady thought she was to use the words she was wont to use before eating her food.

CHAPTER XII.

Edinburgh—Its Inhabitants—Manners—Buildings—Countess of Stair—and Mrs. Macfarlane, &c.

THERE is a sort of a plain, steady, sedate, straight forward, unsophisticated manner about the folks of this *gude toon*, and indeed all over Scotland, that is not to be met with in any other country. The views from the castle, and other hills near the city, are beautiful in the extreme. In short, what the tour of Europe was necessary to see elsewhere, you may find congregated in Edinburgh. Here are alike the beauties of Prague, and of Saltsburgh; here are the romantic sites of Orvietto and Tivoli; and here is all the magnificence of Naples and Genoa.

Many of the houses are 10, and some of them 12 stories high. Fifty years ago, the highest and lowest tenements were occupied by artificers; while the gentry and better sort of people, dwelt in the 5th and 6th stories, being exactly different in this respect from the custom in London. There the rich live below, and the baser sort above. Some forty years ago, a gentleman from Edinburgh, having business in London

to detain him some months, he engaged the uppermost story of a lodging house. He was very much surprised to find what he thought the genteelest place of the whole to be the cheapest. His friends who came to see him, in vain acquainted him with the mistake he had been guilty of. "*He kend very weel*," he said, "*what gentility was, and after having lived all his life in a sixth story, he was not come to London to live upon the ground.*"

The castle, the houses, the closes and lanes in the ancient parts of the old town, are connected with every thing romantic and interesting in Scottish history. In these *narrow* lanes and closes (so made to repel invaders,) dwelt most of the nobles and gentry of Scotland, whose names are conspicuous in the history of the last century. But now they are chiefly occupied by porters and others of the lowest orders in society.

In one of these old closes stands an ancient building, long the residence of the Countess of Stair; and here she died, 21st Nov. 1759. From this circumstance, it is called Stair's Close until this day. She was the youngest daughter of James, second Earl of Loudoun; was a woman of surpassing beauty, a strong mind, liberal education, and was married when very young to Lord Primrose. This nobleman was a debauched blackguard, and treated his lady with the most wanton cruelty. One day while dressing she saw in the glass his figure approaching the room door in which she stood, his face flashing like one of hell's furies, and a drawn sword in his hand. Happily her chamber window was open, she sprung through into the street, half dressed as she was, and very prudently fled to the house of his mother, who was a widow, where she claimed and received the protection she deserved.

Shortly after this, the husband left the country and took up his abode in Holland. About this time, there appeared in Edinburgh a noted foreign conjurer or fortune-teller. He professed, among other wonders, to show you the present condition or situation of any person in whom you might feel an interest. Lady Primrose, who had lost all trace of her husband, was incited by curiosity to go with a female friend to the house of this person in the Canongate. Lady Primrose, having described the individual in whose fate she was interested, and having expressed a desire to know what he was at present doing, the conjurer led her to a large mirror, in which she beheld the inside of a church, with a marriage party arranged near the altar—the bridegroom was her husband; the ceremony went on, and just as the priest was bidding the parties to join hands, a gentleman, in whom Lady Primrose recognised as her brother, entered the church, made up to the parties, and immediately all was confusion, and the whole scene vanished. When Lady Primrose got home, she wrote a narrative of the whole transaction; to which she appended the day of the month, sealed it up in the presence of a witness, and locked it up in her bureau. Soon after this her brother returned; she asked, if in his wanderings he had seen aught of her husband. The young man answered, that he wished he might never again hear that detested personage mentioned. Lady Primrose, however, continued her questions, when it finely came out, that being in Amsterdam, and introduced to an opulent merchant, who had a beautiful daughter, an only child, the merchant invited him to the marriage of his daughter, which was to take place that night; and added, that the bridegroom being a Scotchman, his company would be the

more agreeable. The brother was detained—the ceremony proceeding—when he entered the church just time enough to prevent the union of an amiable young lady to the greatest monster alive in human shape—viz. his own brother-in-law, Lord Primrose.

Lady Primrose asked her brother on what day the circumstance which he related took place. Having been informed, she gave the key to her brother, and requested him to open a drawer which she described in her bureau, and bring her the aforesaid sealed package. The packet being opened, it was discovered that Lady Primrose had seen the shadowy representation of her husband's *abortive nuptials* on the very evening they were transacted in reality.

This story may excite a smile from the incredulous reader. It fell out, however, into the hands of honourable men and women, who could have neither motive nor interest in imposing on the credulity of their own family and friends. That the circumstances, as related, did take place, is a fact as stubborn in history as that Bonaparte died in St. Helena. In earth, sea, and sky, there are mysteries unexplored which philosophy never dreamt of.*

The Back Stairs,

An old access from the *Cowgate* to the Parliament Square. A very extraordinary tragedy of private life is connected with the history of this close. It happened

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* Lord Primrose died some years after, when she married the Earl of *Stairs*.

about a century ago, and will remind the reader of a celebrated tale of ancient Rome.

A young Englishman of the name of Cayley, who held the situation of commissioner in the customs, was so imprudent as to contract an attachment to Mrs. Macfarlane, the wife of a writer* in Edinburgh. On Saturday, September 30th, 1716, Mrs. Macfarlane was exposed, by the treachery of Mr. Cayley's landlady, (with whom she was acquainted,) to an insult of the most atrocious kind on his part, in the house where he lodged. Next Tuesday, Mr. Cayley waited upon Mrs. Macfarlane, at her own house, and was shown into the drawing-room. His friends said he went to make an apology. Others said he attempted to repeat the insult which he had formerly offered—whereupon she rushed into another room, and presently came back with a pair of pistols in her hand. On her bidding him leave the house instantly, he said, "what, madam, d'ye design to act a comedy?" To which she answered, that "he would find it a tragedy if he did not retire." The infatuated man persisting in his object, she fired off one of the pistols, which, however, only wounded him slightly in the left wrist, the bullet slanting down into the floor. The mere instinct of self-preservation, probably caused him to draw his sword; but, before he could use it, she fired the other pistol, the shot of which penetrated his heart. She immediately left the room, locked the door upon the dead body, and sent a servant for her husband. On his coming home, she took him by the sleeve, and leading him into the room where the corpse lay, explained the circum-

* An Attorney, or lawyer.

stances which led to the bloody act. The husband, seeing the necessity for prompt measures, went out to consult with his friends. They all advised that he should convey his wife away privately, to prevent her lying in gaol, till a precognition should be taken of the affair. Accordingly about 6 o'clock she walked down the high street, followed at a little distance by her husband, and so absconded.

The thing continued a profound secret to all except those concerned in the house, when Mr. Macfarlane, (having provided a safe retreat for his wife,) returned and discovered the matter to the magistrate, who viewed the body of the deceased.* A most careful investigation was made into every circumstance connected with this fatal affair, but without demonstrating any thing, except the passionate rashness or magnanimity of the fair murdress. Mr. Macfarlane was discharged upon his own affirmation, that he knew nothing of the deed till after it had taken place.

It will surprise every one to learn that this Scottish Lucrece was a woman of only nineteen or twenty years of age, and some months encient, at the time when she so boldly vindicated her honour. It is said she found protection and concealment for some time at *Swinton House* in *Berwickshire*—where a young lady of the family entering the parlor one day, when all the rest were at church, saw a lovely vision pouring out tea, whom she at first thought to be an *enchanted queen.*

Mrs. Swinton was afterwards informed by her mother, that the lady was Mrs. Macfarlane, who had some claims

* It is a curious fact, there is not such an officer known in Scotland as a *Coroner.* If there is now, it is of very recent date.

of gratitude upon them, and was here in hiding for her life. What became of her afterwards is not generally known. But Mrs. Swinton's grandson, Sir Walter Scott, has made a fictitious use of this incident in his novel of "Peveril of the Peak."

CHAPTER XIII.

Edinburgh continued—A Remarkable Beggar—Antiquarian Museum—John Knox's Pulpit—Covenanters' Flag—Jenny Geddes' Stool—and Mrs. Grant of Laggan, &c.

January 10.—About 9 o'clock this morning I saw a woman sitting on a cold stone begging—it rained at the time. She had no umbrella—was nursing a child at each breast—said they were twins. I threw in my mite. I thought the police ought to have seen to this ; it was in a very public street. I should like to have had *Mrs. Trollope* by my elbow at this moment. Visited the museum of the Antiquarian Society. The pulpit of John Knox, the Scottish reformer, stands in one of the rooms ;* also a silk flag taken from the Covenanters at

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* Almost every one who visits the museum have a wish to stand in this pulpit. The managers, fearing lest this perpetual motion would bring it to pieces, had the stairs cut off. I also had a wish to stand in this hot bed of reformation. I told the secretary I would not ask to infringe on any positive order of the house, but if there could be any exception, I certainly would like to enter that pulpit. He handed a chair, and helped me in at once. I must say I felt pleased when my feet stood where stood the feet of that great man, and my hands rested on that sacred desk from whence streams flowed as pure as ever watered the city of God. The pulpit is of hard oak, and has never been painted ; it is still in good repair, though nearly 300 years old.

the battle of Bothwell Bridge in 1556. The flag bears the following motto :

Covenants, Religion, King and Country.

For an interesting account of this battle, see Sir Walter Scott's History of Old Mortality, in the Tales of My Landlord.

Jenny Geddes's stool is also standing here. It is formed from four pieces of timber crossed, with a piece of black leather for a top, so when stretched out and set down, it makes a seat in the shape of a small bed cot—when lifted it folds up, and it may be carried in the hand. This stool is a relic connected with a very important part of Scottish history. Jenny Geddes kept a stall in the high street of Edinburgh for retailing vegetables. I think it was about the year 1660, when Charles II. was so anxious to introduce episcopacy into Scotland, that Jenny Geddes and her stool is first heard of in the annals of Scotland.

In those days there were no pews in the churches, and at the present day in the old chapels and cathedrals in England, there is not seats enough to accommodate the one half of the congregation. In Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral, but more especially in the latter, the greater part of the pews and seats are occupied by readers, chanters and singers : the majority of the congregation stand during the whole of the service. Well, the important Sabbath day arrived when, in obedience to the king's proclamation, prayers were to be read in all the churches of Scotland. The people almost to a man, were opposed to this anti-Christian innovation, as they termed the reading of prayers. Jenny, as her custom was while the bell was tolling, might be

seen plodding along the high street, entering the *auld kirk*, placing her stool and her person very composedly under the pulpit or reading desk. The organ thrums off a solo. Jenny sent forth a heavy groan. The bishop rises on his feet, white surplice, black gown, white bands, powdered wig, and all his canonicals in order. Jenny thought he was the very pope himself. He proceeds, "Dearly beloved brethren, the scripture moveth us, &c." Jenny thought with herself that the *de'il* was moving him. He calls on the dean to read the *collect* for the day. She jumps up, and exclaims in her Scottish dialect, "*the muckle de'il, colic the name o' ye! will ye say mass in my face?*" and flinging the stool at his head, commenced an insurrection which continuing for twenty-eight years, terminated in the overthrow of the Stewarts by the revolution of 1688, which placed William on the throne of Britain.

Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, in Scotland, is well known to the literary world. Her book on the *Superstitions of the Highlanders and Cottagers of Glenbirnie*, has been much extolled, but her work entitled *The American Lady*, published in New-York in 1814, is considered her *chef d'œuvre*. In giving the *History of Aunt Schuyler*, she has admirably portrayed the primitive simplicity of the worthy Dutch settlers—true to nature and to the letter. For a considerable period she was believed to be the writer of the Tales of My Landlord.

On the 5th of February, at 11 o'clock in the morning, I called to see this venerable lady. The servant informed me that she never saw company until after 2 o'clock. As she is now upwards of four score years old, and as many of the gentry in Edinburgh and London go to bed at sunrise, and get up when the sun goes

down,* (for I was more than once invited to dine in both cities at 9 *o'clock P. M.*) I thought, perhaps, she had not yet got up. Said I, "Is she up?" "She is." "Is she dressed?" "She is." You know that among the ladies being *dressed*, means more than merely throwing a gown over their shoulders.

I had travelled some distance through a thick *Scotch mist* to see this interesting woman, and was loath to measure the same ground twice, without effecting my object. I took out my card. Said I, "Give this to your mistress, and say to her that I shall consider it a particular favour, if she will grant me only three minutes conversation." The girl returned immediately, and said, "Will you please to walk up stairs?" In the middle of an elegant parlour sat the old lady, her back to the fire, and before her a desk covered with books and writing materials. "Be so good, sir," said she, "as to hand yourself a chair, and sit down by me. I am not so able now to wait upon my friends as I was sixty or seventy years ago." Then raising my card—it was printed "GRANT THORBURN, New-York"—she placed her finger upon "New-York," and observed, "*This* is a passport to me at *any* hour."

We sat and conversed for hours—they seemed as minutes. She spoke of the time when Niagara was the only fort on the northern frontier. Her father was an officer in the regiment stationed there, nearly eighty years ago. She referred to the days when the Cuylers, the Van Rensselaers, the Schuylers, the Delaneys,

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* *Sundown*, in London, is said to be an American phrase. I had some pleasant discussion whether *sundown* or *sunset* was most proper. The wise men of London generally agreed that *sundown* was the most correct.

the Van Courtlandts, the Tenbrooks, and the Beekmans, were her playmates at school. When I informed her that I had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with many of the descendants of these old worthies, and that they were a race in no way degenerated, her filmy eyes glistened with pleasure. She remembered Albany when it contained only two streets—one on the bank of the river, the other (now State-street) running down from the old fort on the top of the hill. In the centre of the street stood the market. The only butcher was an Indian; and in place of huckster-women, there sat the squaw, with her moccasins, beads, wampum, and wild fruit. The English and Dutch church, (lately removed,) the guard house and town hall, embraced all the public buildings. By the way, it would be a curious matter, could it be arrived at in any manner, to ascertain how many pipes of old Virginia were smoked in this same old hall, from its rise to its final decline! She remembered the time well when the scows came up laden with bricks from Holland, to be used in building houses in Albany. It is an odd trait in the history of these honest Dutchmen, that although Albany is built on a mountain of clay, and the country around them, at that time, a forest of trees, yet they found no head long enough to mould a brick, nor wood dry enough to burn a kiln. They partook largely of the spirit of the sober-sided company, which composed the adventurous party sent out from New Amsterdam to explore the mighty Hudson. A few, more timorous than the rest, gave up the pursuit; and, notwithstanding all "the world was before them where to choose," no spot could they find, whereon to build a city, more suitable than the low swamp on the banks of the *Kilns*, where soon rose Communipaw, that flourishing city of the lakes. But this is a digression.

Mrs. Grant alluded to the unsophisticated time in the history of the past, when the lads and lasses of Albany —brothers, sisters, cousins, and sweethearts—the boys with gun, axe, and fishing-tackle—the girls with their knitting work, cakes and pies, tea and sugar—sallied out into the woods, of a fine summer's morning, to spend the long day in innocent amusements, to gather and eat wild fruit—more sweet from the hand of each one's favourite lassie—and to tell their tales of honest affection. As she rehearsed these scenes, the days of *auld lang syne* seemed to start from their long slumber. "Ah! those were happy days," said she; and her dim eyes lighted up like the flittering blaze of an expiring lamp, and she seemed to live over again the season of her youth. She made pointed inquiries after the widow of the much lamented Hamilton, with whom she was a school-mate. She seemed delighted when I informed her that she was in comfortable circumstances, enjoyed a green old age, and that her sun was going down in peace and serenity, in the bosom of her worthy and prosperous family. At length we parted, mutually wishing for that preparation of the heart which alone fits friends for entering that world where separation is impossible.

CHAPTER XIV.

Edinburgh—John Knox's House—Anecdotes of John Knox—Register Office—Remonstrance of the Nobles and Barons of Scotland to the Pope—College and Surgeons' Hall.

KNOX, the reformer, was lodged here by the magistrates in 1560, on being appointed Parish Minister of Edinburgh. The house fronts on the main street. It projects some feet. On one corner of the building is a stone pulpit, where he stands, as if preaching to the people below. On the front of the pulpit is marked—"*Born 2d May*, 1505." Extract from the City Records. "On the last day of October, 1561, the provost, ballias, and counsail ordanis the dene of Gyld, with all diligence, to mak ane warme studye of daillis to the Minister, Johne Knox, within his hous, abon the hall of the same, with lyht and wyndokis thereunto, and all other necessaris." Knox probably lived here until his death, Nov. 24, 1572.

The house is now occupied by two barbers—one below, the other up stairs. I got shaved on the ground floor, and paid *one penny*. Next day, as I was curious to see as much as possible of this notable house, I got shaved up stairs—they charged me two pence. "How is this," said I, "your neighbour below charged me

only a penny yesterday?" "O, ho," says he," "but this is the very room that John Knox studied his sermons in, and that is the very *winnock* (window) that he used to preach ou'r to the folks in the street." "Well," said I, "this being the case, I think myself it is worth a penny more." I found he was a quisical old mortal, shaving with spectacles on the end of his nose. We got in conversation. He was full of anecdotes about John Knox—carried me through the house—showed the kitchen, sleeping-room, parlour and all; indeed I thought the penny was well spent. He said Queen Mary (*wha* lived in the *muckle huse doon* the street) and John had *mony* a quarrel, and one time she got so angry, she said she would have his head cut off. "Ah, madam," says John, "but he is *aboon wha* guides the *gu'lly*, (that is to say, he is above who guides the knife.) On another occasion, she told her courtiers she was more afraid for the prayers of John Knox, than for an army of ten thousand men. She was a deep, dissembling, politic woman. On one occasion, having a difficult matter to manage with John, she treated him in the most gracious manner, seating him by her on the sofa, holding his hand in hers, &c. She rather got the best of the bargain, for John afterwards remarked to one of his friends, "What a pity the *de'il shu'd hae* his abode in *sic* a piece *o' bonny* painted clay."

January 10th—Was shown the interior of the *Register Office*, where I saw many ancient and important national documents. In a glass case is kept the original copy of the articles of union between Scotland and England, with the personal *signatures* of all the nobles of both countries. It is dated 22d May, 1706.

In another glass case, I saw the original copy of a remonstrance from the nobles, earls, barons, freemen,

and of the Scottish community to the pope, dated 6th April, 1320.

It contained the signature of each person, whose name is in the instrument, with his seal appended to each signature with a piece of ribbon. It is written in Latin, in a clear, plain hand, on a sheet of parchment, and is now 514 years old. It appears that King Edward of England, finding it impossible to conquer Scotland with the sword, applied to the pope,—(this same Edward, must have been just such another poor milk-and-water soul as the late King of Spain, whom, the papers inform us, spent all his time in doing nothing but sewing petticoats,) who issued his bull, commanding all the people in Scotland to submit to the authority of Edward, under pain of excommunication, and that he would raise on them the French, the Germans, the Danes, Swedes, English and Irish, and sweep them from the face of the earth, and send them all to —— by the wholesale. The Scotchmen, no way alarmed, coolly replied in substance, that as long as there were *one hundred* men in Scotland who could wave a sword over their head, they would neither submit to Edward, to the pope, nor to the devil. It is a trait in the national character of the Scots, that even the darkest times of popery, the priests could never lead them so far by the nose, as they did their more pliable neighbors, the French, Germans, English, Irish, &c., in their last twenty-eight years struggle to keep out episcopacy.—(You will observe, that episcopacy in England and America are entirely different articles—no Lord Spirituals here.) They gained for their children a portion of religious liberty no where else to be found except in *America.*

Through the politeness of one of the gentlemen in the office, I had it translated by one of the best *Latin scholars* in Edinburgh. Its age and authenticity, with the simplicity of its style, make it altogether a historical curiosity.

A free translation of a copy of the Letter of the Barons, Earls, Freemen, and of the Scottish Community, to the Pope, 6th April, 1320.

"In the name of the Most Holy Father, Christ and Lord, we, the undersigned, (do hereby declare ourselves to be) by God's providence, the humble servants and children of Lord John the high priest, and minister of sacred things at Rome, and of the Universal Church; Duncan, Earl of Fife; Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray; Lords Mann and Annandale; the heir of Dunbar; Earl of March; Malicius, Earl of Stratheryne; Lord Malcolm of Lennox; Willelm, Earl of Ross Shire; Earl of Cathness and the Orkney Isles, and Willelm, Earl of Sutherland; Walter Senescal Scot; Willelm of Soulis, the head butler of Scotland; James, Earl of Douglas; Roger of Mowbray; David, Earl of Brechin; David of Graham; Ingeram of Umphraville; John Guard, of Menteith; accompanied by Menteith; Alexander Fraser, Gilbert of Hay, and High Constable of Scotland; Robert of Keth, Marshal of Scotland; Henry the Illustrious; John of Graham; David of Lindsay; Willelm Olifaunt, heir of Graham; John of Jenton; Willelm of Abernethy; David of Wemys; Willelm of the Jixed Mount; Fergus of Ardross; Eustachius of Maxwell; Willelm of Ramsay; Willelm of the High Mount; Alan of Moray; Donald Campbell; John Cameron; Reginald of Chen; Alexander of Seton; Andrew of Lesce-

lyn; and Alexander of Stratoun, and other Barons and Freemen, and of the whole community of the Kingdom of Scotland. Not only, oh most holy Father, do we know the filial respect, with which devotees kiss the feet of Saints, but we also gather, both from the deeds and books of the ancients, that our nation, to wit, that of Scotland, has been illustrious for many great exploits. (Our nation) coming into Scythia Major, passed the pillars of Hercules, and coming through Spain, resided for many years among very savage nations, and who were in subjection to no man. Then, after a lapse of twelve hundred years, they came (like the Israelites in their passage) and dwelt in those habitations now possessed by the exiled Britons and Picts, who are nevertheless nearly destroyed by the fierce engagements which they have had with the Norwegians, Dacians, and English, by which they have acquired many victories and toils; and have showed that their children were free from all slavery from their forefathers. Thus far does history bear on us. In this kingdom, they had one hundred and thirty kings of their own of the royal blood, and no foreigner taking possession. But He, by whom nobles reign, and others shine, with great effulgence, even the King of kings, our Lord Jesus Christ, appointed by his most holy faith, after his passion and resurrection, that they should dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth, as if they had been the first inhabitants. Nor did he wish, that they should be confirmed in their faith, by any one, but by their first Apostle, although second, or even third, in rank, to wit, our most gracious Andrew the German, whom He always wished to preside over them as their patron, instead of St. Peter. But your forefathers, and most holy predecessors, thinking anxiously that that kingdom, (of Germany, to wit,) belonged by special

right to St. Peter, sanctioned the name by many favours, and innumerable privileges. Wherefore our nation had thus far led a quiet and peaceable life, under their protection, till that great prince, Edward, king of the English, and father of him who is hostilely, (and yet under the appearance of a friend and an ally,) infesting our (peaceful) bulwark, kingdom and people, conscious of neither guile nor mischief, and unaccustomed to wars and insults, (at least, at that time.) Edward (whom we have above mentioned) committed damages, carnage, and wrongs, plunder and incendiarism, has incarcerated the prelates, burned the religious monasteries, spoiling them as he laid them in ruins; and having committed other enormous grievances, and among the rest, has, among the common people, spared neither age, nor sex, religion, nor rank. No pen is capable of writing; nor is the understanding capable of comprehending; neither can experience teach, to the full amount, the innumerable evils in which he delights: but yet we are delivered by our most valiant prince, king, and lord, Robert, who, after he was cured and healed of his wounds, has, like another Maccabaus, or Joshua, freed his people from the hands of his enemies, and has suffered labours, toils, troubles, and dangers, even bordering to death. He also has a benign disposition, and is obedient to the laws and customs, which we will sustain even to death. The succession of the law, and the debt which we were all due, made us assent and agree that he should be our chief and king, as being the person through whom safety accrues to the people, and who is the defender of our liberty, alike by his kindness and by dint of force; and to whom we wish to adhere in every thing, and desist from undertakings with the English king and subjects, who, forsooth, wish that we and our kingdom be

subject to them, and that we should instantly dethrone our king, as the subversor alike of their and our rights, and that we should choose another who is capable of our defence; but we declare that, as long as a hundred Scotsmen can be any where found to stand together, the English will never be our masters—for we do not fight for riches, glory, nor honour, but only for that liberty which no man loses except it be accompanied by his life. Hence it is, oh reverend Father and Lord! that we entreat your holiness, with all manner of supplication, instance, and bending of hearts and knees, and that we have thus far recited the vicissitudes of our nation, whose sojourning among the nations of the earth have neither been a grievance upon grievance, nor an honour. Jews and Greeks, Scotch or English, who look with a father's eye at the troubles and trials brought upon us and the church of God by the English, will see that the English king ought to be sufficed with what he possesses, and will look back to the time when England was wont to be pleased with seven kings to warn and rebuke those who required it. But there now remains nothing for us Scotsmen, living as we do in exiled Scotland, beyond which there is no habitation—there is nothing but for Edward to depart in peace, seeing that we desire it—for it concerns him, with respect to you, to grant, and it is our desire effectually to procure the peace of the state, whatever way we can. O holy Father! we beg you to grant this—you who lookest at the cruelty of Pagans, with the existing faults of Christians, and the servitude of Christians, not lessening the memory of your holiness, though your empire is bounded by the Indies. If any thing be wanting (to show your holiness the true character of the English) behold the ignominy and reproach under which the church labours in these your

times; this should, therefore, act as an incentive to arouse some Christian chiefs, who make no pretext, and assign no reason (such as that they are at war with their neighbours) why they should not frame themselves into a body for the protection of the holy land; but the real cause of this pretence is, that they think it requires less exertion, to carry on war with their less powerful neighbours. But if the English king leave us in peace, we also will go and die in the holy land, if such be the will of our Lord and sovereign. But the English king knows enough not to be ignorant, that we hereby show and declare to the Vicar of Christ, and to the whole Christian world, that if your holiness do not deal justly between them and us, confusion will inevitably take place—the destruction of our bodies—the exit of our souls—and the other inconvenient consequences which will follow, and which we believe they have imputed to us, and which we have done to them. From what we are and will be, as well from the obedience with which we, as your children, keep our tenets, as from the good feeling which exists between us and you, our head and judge, we trust our cause will be looked after, thinking and hoping firmly, that you will deal rightly with us, and will reduce our enemies to nothing, and will preserve the safety of your holiness, who hast been this good while head of this holy church. This was dated at the monastery of Abirbrothoc, in Scotland, 6th April, 1320, and in the 15th year of our kingdom, under our king above mentioned.

My next visit was to the Museum of the Royal Society of Surgeons, and the day following to the Anatomical Museum, and dissecting rooms in the College. The professors and other gentlemen showed me marked attention.

In one of the large rooms is kept the collection which belonged to the late Dr. Hunter of London. This is said to be the largest and best anatomical collection in Europe. In visiting these institutions the mind is lost. You there see the human frame in all its parts, inward and outward, and in all its forms and deformities. But volumes could not contain the matter that might be written on these subjects; and perhaps in no language could the subject be expressed in such emphatic words, as in the 139th Psalm—"We are *fearfully* and *wonderfully* made."

In the College, I saw the skeleton of Burk, the man who was hanged in Edinburgh some years ago for murdering subjects, and selling them to the doctors for dissection.

CHAPTER XV.

Slander on New-York refuted—Holyrood House—House of Jeannie Deans—Willie Tamson's Shop—Murder of Rizzio—Anecdote of Sheriff Woods.

Being in Edinburgh on the 25th January, I observed an article in the *Evening Courant* of that date to the following purport: "We have been informed by the Rev. Mr. Grant of Forres, that he was told by a respectable presbyterian clergyman from the United States, and now in this country, that in New-York alone, there are eighty thousand deists, that the ministers are very little respected, and very poorly paid."

Not liking to see my favourite city so shamefully scandalized in a foreign country, I wrote the following communication, carried it to the office, and gave it to the editor. He read it. Says I, "Will you publish the reply?" Says he, "As soon as my partner comes in, he shall see it—if you call in an hour I will let you know." "If spared, I will call," said I, "but you will observe, by the way, that if you don't print it, another will. You have been led into an error, and it is your duty to correct it." It was published next day.

To the Editor of the Courant.

Dalkeith, January 28, 1824.

Sir—I observed, in your paper of Saturday last, a statement, said to be obtained from a respectable presbyterian clergyman from the United States. He observes, that "it is computed, that eighty thousand deists, or infidels, exist in New-York alone." Now, sir, New-York does not contain eighty thousand men altogether, good, bad, and indifferent. But I will state a fact; I think it was about this time five years ago when Miss Fanny Wright (a Scotswoman, and, of course, a disgrace to our country,) by the aid of thirty or forty infidels, most, if not all, of them Europeans, opened a small building, which they dedicated to the God of Nature, under the name of "The Temple of Science." For nearly twelve months Miss Fanny received the adorations of a small rabble, the offscourings of all things, she occasionally officiating as the Goddess of Reason. But (deism being both unpopular and unfashionable in New-York,) the unhappy few were unable to pay for the building, the candles, or gas-light. It was sold, and is now occupied by the methodists as a chapel, where the gospel is preached. In New-York there are two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants; there are also above one hundred and fifty churches, chapels, or meeting-houses; the ministers receive from one to three thousand dollars per annum. It is, therefore, not true, that the ministers are treated with disrespect, nor is it true, that they are not well paid.

I have resided nearly forty years in New-York, and lately spent three months about London, Liverpool, and Edinburgh; but, from all I have seen, I think

there is more external respect paid to the Sabbath in New-York, than in any of the above cities. As a proof of this assertion, I will state, there is a law of the city which gives each church the privilege of stopping up the street opposite the place of worship, in the time of service, by fastening an iron chain across the street; a decent regulation this, which perhaps no city in Britain can boast of.

I am, &c. GRANT THORBURN,
of New-York.

The *Evening Courant* is a warm *church* and *state* paper. The *separation* papers all over the country, republished this letter with numerous remarks. There was a large *separation meeting* to be held in Edinburgh the week following. Two gentlemen called to see if I would attend, and state what I knew about the American churches. Says I, "Gentlemen, when *Washington* was the first President of the United States, I was naturalized. I wish all the world enjoyed the same religious and civil privileges that we do. But, as I have neither lot nor part in your *church* and *state*, were I even competent to the task, it would be highly improper in me to open my mouth in public on the subject. I saw my adopted city scandalized, so I thought I had a right, being on the spot, to speak in her vindication." They acknowledged the propriety of my remarks, and so it ended.

I made some inquiries, but could hear of no presbyterian minister in Scotland, except Mr. Fraser from New Jersey. I called at his lodings. He denied being the author—said his views went with the *separationists*.

Holyrood House, long the palace of the kings of Scotland, was founded by King David I., A. D. 1128,

and like most other religious establishments of the dark ages, originated in superstition. The account given is, that it was established by that monarch to perpetuate the memory of a miraculous interposition of heaven, said to have been manifested in his favour. The event is thus narrated.—"The king, while hunting in one of the royal forests which surrounds the rocks and hills near Edinburgh—observe, this was on rood-day—(or the day of the exaltation of the cross)—was attacked by a stag, and would have fallen a sacrifice to its fury, when lo! an arm, holding in its hand a cross of the most dazzling brilliancy interposed between him and the enraged beast. At sight of the cross, the animal fled away in great fright, howling into the wilderness. So out of gratitude for this great deliverance, he erected the abbey on the spot.

Immediately above the door of the abbey is a small square tablet, with the following inscription :

He shall build Ane hous
For My Name, And I will
Establish the Throne
of His Kingdom
For Ever.

In this abbey, among the crumbling monuments of a thousand generations, the trophies of war and emblems of royalty, is a plain stone with the following inscription :

Heir, Lyis, Ane, Honest Woman
Calet, Marget Bakster,
Spovs-to-Bartlet-H-Meltvn,

Dak*-Maker-Burges,-of-ye-Canen-gait,
Da,-ce-sit-1592,
Memem-To-Mori.

The above is an exact copy, letters, spelling, marks and figures.

In fancy, I reveled for hours in this ancient structure, among the bones and the sculls, the scenes and the actors, who have all made their exit, during the short dance of a thousand generations.

In going the rounds of the palace, we enter a long narrow chamber, evidently partitioned off from what had been originally one large parlour. As you enter the door, is the spot where Rizzio was murdered. There is still to be seen a black stain on the boards of some feet in circumference, said to be occasioned by the blood which was left unwashed till next morning. The queen, it is said, to hide this frightful spot from daily meeting her eyes, had the partition above mentioned run across the room. Next to the presence chamber is a small room 10 feet square. In this room, the queen was sitting at supper with the Countess of Argyle, about 8 of the clock, on the 9th of March 1566. There is a private stair which leads from the chapel and a secret door to enter this room; this door is concealed by tapestry, remnants of which are yet hanging. And is probably the same that was rudely brushed aside by the mailed hand of the iron-hearted Ruthven, or lifted to admit the stately form of Darnley. Through this door the king conveyed himself, Lord Ruthven, (in full armour,) George Douglas and two others. Rizzio sat on

* A short sword.

one side of the room, playing on some instrument of music to amuse the queen and countess. On seeing them enter with their naked swords, he fled to the queen and grasped her arm. The ruffians held a pistol to her breast, tore him from her grasp, pushed her into another parlour, and dragged him to an outer chamber; he all the time crying most pitifully to the queen, "Justicia, justicia, madam! save ma vie! save ma vie!" till they stopped his cries with fifty-six wounds from their daggers. Not long after this, she was delivered of a son, (James VI.) It is on record that this king could never look on blood without fainting.

The only relic of Rizzio now to be seen, is a walking-cane ornamented with ivory, with his name on it in old characters, which is preserved in the *Museum of the Antiquarian Society, Edinburgh.* When surveying this *exquisite collection*, we are also shown a pair of gloves which belonged to the hapless *Mary.*

It has been *slanderously* said by some, that Mary was too intimate with Rizzio, and that jealousy in her husband was the cause of his death. I have found nothing in history to convince me that such was the case. For my own part, I think it was Mary's misfortune that she was too much refined for the society she lived in. Having been reared and educated at the accomplished court of France, no wonder she felt as it were alone, among those fiery, turbulent, warlike Highlanders; and she would naturally prefer the society of the French servants who came with her, to the company of a people whose language she did not understand. Rizzio was a sort of private secretary, and, of course, much in her presence, which offended those proud Scottish nobles, and caused them to plot his death. Soon after this Mary resigned the crown in favour of

her infant son, James VI. The rest of her life was one continued series of imprisonment and privation, during which period she behaved with wonderful magnanimity. Here, too, we are shown the apartments occupied by Louis XVIII., Charles X., and the rest of the royal exiles of France, and also the room and the throne where George IV. held his court in 1822.

I next visited the house of *Jeannie Deans*. It stands embosomed in a parterre of roses and shrubbery at the foot of Salisbury Craigs, and invites all tourists who descend the hill to refresh themselves before they pursue their laborious journey. To stand in the house once occupied by one of the loveliest and most interesting of all the heroines of the Wizard of the North, and to think I could claim nativity with a character so perfect, gave me feelings of no ordinary nature. The appeal of this *simple Scottish maiden* to Queen Caroline, when pleading for the life of her *puir sister Effie*, is perhaps the most beautiful specimen of natural eloquence on record.

In one of the small streets of Edinburgh called *Niddries Wynd*, some time ago there lived an eccentric character, named Willie Tamson. He exhibited a sign bearing this singular inscription,

"*Orrd things* bought and sold here"—

which signified that he dealt in odd articles, such as a single shoe buckle, one of a pair of skates, a teapot wanting a lid, or perhaps as often a lid without a teapot. By this craft, however, this curious mortal contrived to earn a decent living; for it is a trait in human nature, that when a store or person gets the reputation for selling cheap, every one takes it for granted that it must be so. For instance, we have seen persons flocking to the shop where damaged linen was advertised for sale,

and paying two cents per yard more for the damaged than what they could have got it for, dry and unsoiled, in another store.

So it was by this craft that our friend Willie thrived, for every housewife that had an odd shoe, or an odd glove, or an odd part of a scissors, or an odd half of a pair of tongs, all went to Willie Tamson to get them paired; in short, he was perhaps the greatest *match* maker in Europe.

Mr. Woods, who is a gentleman of landed property, and sheriff of the county of Mid Lothian, has lately established a school in the New Town of Edinburgh at his own expense, for the education of 300 poor and destitute children. It is his practice to visit the school every day, and put questions to them from the subject on which they are reading. A class was reading in the Bible at a place where, among other evil propensities, man is described as a *backbiter*. Mr. Woods began at the head, and put the question to each boy in the class, What is a *backbiter?* Not one could tell, till at the foot of the class, where stood a poor little, half-naked, half-starved looking boy. "Well," said Mr. Woods, "my little fellow, can you tell me what is a backbiter?" The boy looked up, with a pitiful face, and in a whining tone of voice replied, "It's a LOUSE, sir." I was told that Mr. Woods was so amused with the answer, that he gave the boy a crown, and has promised to look after his future prospects.

CHAPTER XVI.

Tales from the Highways and Hedges—James VI. and Money-finder—Dumfries—Anecdotes of Paul Jones—Battle of Bothwell Bridge—Glasgow, its Merchants, Cathedral, and Commerce—Anecdote.

Dumfries is not only the county town of the shire, but may be termed the capital of the southwestern province of Scotland. The town derives a melancholy interest from having been for some years the residence of *Robert Burns;* the place where he breathed his last, and where all of him that could die has been deposited. I made a short stay among the intelligent, sedate, and substantial inhabitants of this prosperous town, where I learned the following anecdote:—In the reign of James VI. there lived in this town a poor but honest laboring man. It was then the custom of all ranks to give entertainments on *yule-day;** but this man one year found his funds so low, that it was not in his power to be *neebour-like* on that occasion. So, in this dilemma, he resolved to go out of town and leave his wife in the house, locking the door upon her, and enjoining her in case any person called, not to answer. He went to dig peats, and, before he had worked an hour, he struck on a pot containing a quantity of gold pieces. He knew that all treasure found in such a way, by law, be-

* Christmas.

longed to the king. So away he trudges, making a pilgrimage to London on foot, and tenders the money to the king. James was so much struck with the honest simplicity of the man, that he told him to keep the money and build a house with it, and when he (the king) *cam back* to "auld Scotland," he would accept, as sufficient compensation, one night's lodging under its roof. The man built the house, and the king lodged in it accordingly. This story is well authenticated; it has been handed down from generation to generation in the town. A great-granddaughter of the treasure-finder died in Dumfries, since the beginning of the present century.

Kirkcudbright is a thriving little sea port in the shire of Galloway. It is famous for being the birth-place of Paul Jones. St. Mary's Isle, about a mile from this town, is the seat of the Earl of Selkirk. The father of Paul, was gardener to the earl. An anecdote of his youth, connected with the garden, has been preserved by tradition. The gardener of St. Mary's Isle, at that time, was one of the old fashioned sort; parterre corresponding with parterre, summer-house with summer-house, every thing in short had its double; and the different sides of the central walk were as regularly alike, as the different sides of a man's face. All this was the taste of the old Earl Dunbar, who was such a stickler for the system of duplicate resemblances, that it is probable, had he been struck on one side by the palsy, he would have regreted no part of his misfortune so much, as the want of correspondence between the different parts of his frame. The earl, coming one day into the garden, saw a boy looking through the barred window of one of the summer-houses, he asked old Paul how he came there. "Why," said Paul, "I

caught him stealing fruit, and clapped him up till I should know what your lordship would be pleased to have done with him." The earl then happened to turn his eye to the corresponding summer-house on the other side, and observed Mr. Paul's own son looking through the corresponding window. "What!" exclaimed the nobleman, "has John been stealing fruit too?" "Na," quoth the gardener; "if it please your lordship, I only *pat* him in for symmetry."

When *Paul Jones* was hovering with his fleet on the coast of Britain, during the war of the American revolution, he paid his native town a visit. He landed on St. Mary's Island, and sent 16 of his men to visit Lord Selkirk's house. They brought off a quantity of plate, which was returned by Paul in the same state as when taken away. It was supposed, his object was to have made a prisoner of Lord Selkirk; he would have been a good hostage to the Americans.

The news of an armed force having landed on St. Mary's soon reached Kirkcudbright, and occasioned the greatest alarm. The people ran hither and thither, backwards and forwards, up streets and down streets, every one making inquiries, and no one possessing any intelligence; the people in the east end of the town, carrying their goods and gear to the west end of the town; and those in the west just as busy carrying their's east. All was hurry, bustle and confusion; at length, the people collected some of their scattered courage, and getting an old crazzy twenty-four pounder down to the beach, triumphantly defied the departing Americans. During the night-watch, somebody called out that he saw Jones's ship at a little distance from the shore, and the cannon was by trembling hands brought to bear, and fired at the object he pointed out. No answer was

returned from the supposed ship; and the good burghers thinking him disabled, resolved by no means to spare him, even in his misfortunes, continued the cannonade with might and main. "For the love of God, more powder!" was an exclamation often uttered that night, in the urgent distress of the assailants for supplies of ammunition. At last, when morning dawned, and when they thought they must have completely destroyed the object of their mighty rage, to their inconceivable mortification and shame, it turned out that they had been all along wasting their powder, their balls, their courage, and their exertions, upon an uncompromising rock, which stood a little way from shore.

At the present day, there are few who can believe, were it not on record undisputed, in what terror this man held the inhabitants of Britain, living within ten miles of the sea. For a number of years, I remember hearing the noise of his cannon, when he visited the Firth-of-Forth, about the year 1782. And though our town was upwards of four miles from the shore, when it was known that he was on the coast, people hid their valuables, and the troops were under arms all night. And so frightful was his name, I have heard mothers and nurses sing out to quiet their children, hush, hush! there's, *Paul Jones* coming.

In the shire of Galloway is the parish of *Anwoth.* This place is worthy of notice, as having been once under the ministerial charge of the celebrated Samuel Rutherford. His name is still the presiding genius of the place; it is attached to all the localities; and the people preserve numerous characteristic reminiscences of him and his habits.

It is told that Archbishop Usher, hearing the fame of Rutherford, once came to Anwoth, in order to con-

verse with him. A romantic species of adventure, which seems to have been common among distinguished authors, before the press and post-office had given such facilities to intellectual correspondence.

He appeared at the *manse** on a Saturday night, in the guise of a beggar, and solicited lodging, which was readily granted. He was desired to sit down in the kitchen, where Mrs. Rutherford soon after, according to custom, catechised the servants, and with them the apparent beggar. She asked him, how many commandments there were? to which he answered, eleven. She was shocked at his ignorance, and commented upon it in no very respectful terms; but she did not the less on that account show to him the hospitality of a Scottish matron of the period. She gave him a good supper, and sent him up to a bed in the garret. This was the very situation in which the bishop wished to be placed, for he was mainly induced to undertake this strange pilgrimage by a desire to hear Mr. Rutherford pray, and he now expected to hear his private devotions. Being disappointed however in this expectation, he resolved to pour out his own soul in prayer to his maker. He prayed with so much fervency and eloquence, that Rutherford started out of bed, put on his clothes, came up and told the stranger, that he was sure he could be no other than Bishop Usher. The bishop confessed who he was, and consented to preach next day in Anwoth Church, obtaining a promise however, that no one should be made acquainted with his secret. Furnished with a suite of Mr. Rutherford's clothes, the bishop, early in the morning, went out to the fields; the other followed him, and soon after brought him in as a strange minister passing by, who

* Minister's house

had promised to preach for him. Mrs. Rutherford found that the poor man had gone away before any of the family were out of bed. After domestic worship and breakfast, the family went to the kirk. The bishop took for his text, (John xiii. 34,)"a new commandment. I give unto you, that ye love one another." In the course of his sermon, he observed, that this might be considered the *eleventh* commandment. Upon which, the minister's wife said to herself, "this is the answer the poor man gave me last night," and looking up to the pulpit, added; "can it be possible that this is he!" After public worship, the strange minister and Mr. Rutherford spent the evening with mutual satisfaction. And, early on Monday morning, the former went away without being discovered.

Drumclog is the name of a Farmstead near Lanarkshire, not far from Strathaven. It was here on the 3d of June, 1679, that Grahame of Claverhouse, was defeated by a party of the covenanters, whom he went forth to disperse and destroy, while they were assembled at public worship among the hills on the Sabbath day.

Bothwell Bridge, along which passes the chief road from Hamilton to Glasgow, was the scene of a total defeat of the Covenanters by the Duke of Monmouth, on the 22d of June, 1697. Elated (viz. the covenanters) with their late victory, they were here collected in great numbers. They had taken the precaution to divest of its parapets that part of the bridge upon which the enemy would require to advance. The main body of the army lay in large dense squares upon the face of the park, within a quarter of a mile of the bridge, while three hundred of their best men, under the command of Hackstone of Rathillet, were posted at the end of the bridge to defend this important pass.

The Duke of Monmouth advanced to disperse them. He found them in a state of irresolution and confusion. One party were for laying down their arms, and accepting such terms as they could get—the other insisted on uncompromising warfare. The party under Hackstoun defended the bridge until their ammunition was expended, when they had to retreat to the main body. Claverhouse, burning to avenge his late discomfiture, then crossed the bridge with his dragoons, and falling upon the distracted rustics, completed their defeat. Four hundred men were slain in the chase which ensued.—Many were carried prisoners to Edinburgh, where they endured cruel mocking with scourgings, bonds and imprisonment—being tortured, hanged, and tormented.—But of them the world was not worthy; though they have been branded with zeal without knowledge, yet it is probable that the world is indebted to them for whatever portion of rational liberty it enjoys, for the good people continued the struggle until they finally drove the tyrant from his throne.

Glasgow occupies a highly convenient situation upon the north bank of the Clyde, (Shire of Lanark,) similar, though upon a smaller scale, to that of London, upon the same bank of the Thames,—namely, a plain, gently ascending from the brink of the river, covered with streets ancient and modern. The bridges over rivers which skirt or rather intersect both, complete the resemblance of the second to the first city of the British empire.

The streets are in general regular, while many of them may be called fine; and what adds greatly to the pleasure experienced by a stranger in contemplating them, is, that all are filled during the whole day by crowds of prosperous and happy-looking people, who

walk at a lively pace, and in whose eyes some animating purpose of business or of pleasure may constantly be read.

The men of Glasgow—for by this noble appellation are they distinguished in popular phraseology from the *folk* at Greenock, and the *bodies* of Paisley,—shine peculiarly in the walk of social hospitality. There is an openness of heart about them that at once wins the affection and admiration of strangers. They are prosperous; and prosperity disposes them to take the world well. Before Glasgow had arrived at its present pitch of prosperity, many of the earlier merchants were yonger sons of the neighboring gentry. When the Virginia and other foreign trade, therefore, prospered in their hands, and enabled them to hold up their heads, they did not fail to comport themselves as men, who had not only a little blood, but moreover a good deal of money also. These men, which formed a sort of *mercantile aristocracy*, are no more to be found—they are completely superseded and lost. Their places are filled by the honourable mechanic, who by industry and enterprise, have rose from the owner of one shuttle to be the owner of a million of spindles.

The cathedral at Glasgow is the only one in Scotland that escaped the misguided zeal of the presbyterians at the reformation, (one in the Orkneys excepted.) In 1123 its foundation was laid. In 1579 the principle of the university, and the protestant clergy in the neighbourhood, having prevailed on the magistrates to demolish this vast monument of the piety of their forefathers, a great number of workmen were hired and assembled in solemn form to proceed to the *impious* work, when the members of the trades and incorporations of the city flew to arms, took possession of the build-

ing, and threatened with instant death the first individual who should attempt to violate it. The magistrates, to preserve the peace of the city, were under the necessity of engaging to preserve the cathedral.

The extensive burial-ground which surrounds the cathedral, is almost completely floored over with tomb stones, which lie flat upon the graves; and such is their closeness, that scarcely a slip of earth six inches in breadth can any where be seen. Close and compact as this pavement appears, it has not always been able to prevent resurrections, as would appear from a legend long current in Glasgow. Upwards of a hundred years ago, a citizen one morning threw the whole town into a state of inexpressible horror and consternation, by giving out that in passing at midnight through the kirk-yard, he saw a neighbour of his own, lately buried, rise out of his grave and dance a jig with the devil, who played the air called "whistle o'er the lave o't" upon the bagpipe. The civic dignitaries and ministers were so sincerely scandalized at this intelligence, that they sent the town-drummer through the streets next morning to forbid any one to whistle, sing, or play the infernal tune in question.

Glasgow is the great emporium of the commerce and manufactures of Scotland. All around the city is planted cotton, iron and paper mills, coal-pits, and whatever else is attendant on the grand system of commerce. The country may be said to be fairly mill-ridden, subjugated, lamed, and touzled by the demon of machinery. Steam, like a night-hag, kicks and spurs the sides of oppressed nature, and smoke rises on every hand, as if to express the unhappy old dames vexation and fatigue.

CHAPTER XVII.

Sterling Anecdote of a Treasurer, and of a Primitive Martyr—a Flying Abbot—Battle of Bannockburn—Murder of King James III.

STERLINGSHIRE is one of the most beautiful, and not the least celebrated of all the Scottish counties.—It is situated upon the isthmus between the friths of Forth and Clyde. The town of Sterling has long been celebrated for its schools. One of the most remarkable features in the town of Sterling is the number of its charitable institutions. Three of them are perpetual endowments, and afford abundant provision for the comfort of a considerable number of poor people. It is supposed that every twelfth person in Sterling receives charity, and a late writer has likened the town to a vast alms-house. Notwithstanding this circumstance, Sterling contains a great number of substantial and prosperous merchants. There was in old times a sort of old-fashioned burgherism about the better sorts of the inhabitants of Sterling which has long since passed away, along with the primitive custom of implementing bargains by the wetting of thumbs, and such other simple practices. In illustration of this, I require only to relate an authentic anecdote of one of the city treasurers during the last century, whose mode

of keeping his accounts was one of the most antediluvian perhaps ever known in the modern world. This venerable citizen hung up an old boot on each side of his fire-place; into one of them he put all the money which he received, and into the other the receipts or vouchers for the money which he paid away; and he thus balanced his accounts at the end of the year by emptying his boots, and comparing the money left in the one, with the documents deposited in the other.

There is a remarkable fact connected with the history of Sterling, said to be occasioned by the following circumstance. An early protestant martyr having been stoned out of the town, and left to die by the way-side, was attacked by a *butcher's* wife in his dying moments, who robbed him of his clothes. This St. Stephen of Sterling vented with his dying breath a curse on the craft to which her husband belonged, and on all of the craft who should presume to do business in Sterling for ever after. From that time the butchers of Sterling have never done well. There are now actually no butchers in the town, and the market is supplied by men who live in the villages around.

About the year 1503 an Italian came to Scotland, and gave out to James IV. that he would fly from the battlements of Sterling Castle. He fell, of course, and broke (happily)—not his neck, but his thigh-bone.—The way in which he accounted for his want of success is highly curious. "The wings," he said, "were partly composed of the feathers of dunghill fowls, and were by sympathy attracted to their native dunghill—whereas had they consisted entirely of eagles' feathers, they would for the same reason have been attracted towards the heavens. This man was an *abbot.*

Bannockburn is a thriving village in Sterlingshire; it is chiefly supported by extensive manufactories of carpets and tartan.

It was near this village that the most important battle ever fought between the English and Scottish nations was decided, on the 24th July, 1314. Bruce's forces were stationed in three divisions, along the front of an eminence called the Gillis-hill. Close by the wayside is a lage stone having a hole in the top, into which the Scottish king inserted his standard. The English army advanced from the heights on the east, and crossed a small brook called the *Bannock*. Before joining in the conflict, Bruce had taken care to render their advance by no means safe. The Scottish army were deficient in cavalry—the English had abundance. Bruce had a great number of iron cramps made with three prongs, so constructed, that when they lay on the ground, one of the points stood up. In the night he dug a line of trenches, long and deep. The cramps were scattered in the bottom of the trenches, then covered with branches of trees, sod and turf. He next stationed a body of his choicest troops near by the trenches. The English commenced the action with a shower of arrows, and a tremendous charge of cavalry. Next moment men and horses were floundering in the ditch by thousands. The troops stationed for the purpose, fell on with their broad-swords, and in a few minutes there was scarcely a trooper left to tell the tale. Such of the horses as scrambled from the pits, ran roaring with the pain of the pikes in their feet.—They broke through the ranks of their own infantry, and threw them in disorder. The Scots fell on before they could rally, and an awful slaughter ensued. The English, however, being vastly superior in numbers,

continued the contest, which was still doubtful, when a company of old men, women and children, suttlers and wagon drivers, who had been left on the back of a hill to take care of the baggage, anxious to see how matters were going on, appeared on the top of the hill with flags, bagpipes, and shouting. The English, supposing this to be a reinforcement, at once gave way, when the Scotch obtained a complete victory.

The English left 30,000 men dead on the field, besides 700 knights. The Scottish army was enriched by the spoils of the English camp, and by the ransom of their prisoners, and at the same time completely establishing the independence of their country.

About a mile from the field of Bannockburn, was fought, in 1488, the battle which occasioned the death of King James III. The barons of Scotland being dissatisfied with the administration of their monarch, rose in rebellion against him. A battle was fought, in which the king's party was defeated. Before the fate of the day had been decided, his majesty (who was never very distinguished for courage) fled from the field. His flight was solitary. On attempting to cross the Bannockburn, about a mile from the battle ground, his horse started at the sight of a pitcher with which a woman was lifting up water; the king was thrown from his charger, and fell upon the ground in a state of insensibility. This happened within a few yards of a mill. The miller and his wife carried the unfortunate horseman into their house, and though ignorant of his station, treated him with great humanity. When he had somewhat recover-

, he called for a priest, to whom as a dying man he might make confession. Being asked who he was, he replied, "I was your king this morning." Some of the malcontents, who had left the battle in pursuit of

him, now came up; and as they were about to pass, the miller's wife came out, wringing her hands and calling for a confessor to the king. "I am a priest," said one of the pursuers; "lead me to him." Being introduced, he found the unfortunate monarch lying in the corner of the mill, covered with a coarse cloth; and approaching on his knees, under pretence of reverence, inquired if his grace thought he could recover if he had surgical help. James replied in the affirmative, when the ruffian, pulling out a dagger, plunged it in his heart.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Linlithgow—Palace, Church, and Apparition—Battle of Flodden Field—Assassination of the Regent Murray.

Linlithgow, is one of the most respectable among all the ancient boroughs of Scotland; its charter dates from the reign of David I., early in the twelfth century. The prime object of attention, is undoubtedly the palace, where the kings and queens of Scotland long held their courts. It was here that Mary Queen of Scots was born. This palace was generally used as a jointure house for the Queens of Scotland. It is said that Mary of *Guise*, consort of James V. and mother of Mary, on being first brought to it, declared it a much more splendid house than any of the royal palaces of France.

Next to the palace, as an object of curiosity, is the *church*. This venerable and impressive structure may be regarded as one of the finest and most entire specimens of Gothic architecture in Scotland.

The battle of Flodden Hill was perhaps the most disastrous that ever Scotland saw. And it was in this church, that James IV. and his courtiers were surprised by an apparition, forewarning him against that mad ex-

pedition. The following account of this strange occurrence is given by Lindsay of Pitscottie, who probably received it from eye-witnesses. It is remarkable for picturesque simplicity.—"The king," says he, "came to Linlithgow, where he happened to be for the time at the council, very sad and dolorous, making his devotion to God, to send him good chance and fortune in his undertaking. In the mean time, there came a man, clad in a blue gown, in at the kirk door, and had belted about him a roll of linen cloth, a pair of brotikins (buskins) upon his feet to the great of his legs, with all other hose and cloth to conform thereto; but he had nothing on his head, but long red yellow hair behind and on his cheeks which was down to his shoulders; but his forehead was bald and bare. He seemed to be a man of two-and-fifty years, with a great pike-staff in his hand; and came first forward among the lords, calling for the king, saying, he desired to speak with him. While at the last he came to where the king was sitting in the desk at his prayers. He made no reverence nor salutation to the king, but leaned down on the desk before him, and spoke in this manner:—"Sir king, my mother has sent me to you, desiring you not to pass at this time, where you are purposed; for if you doest, thou wilt not fare well in thy journey. Further, she bade thee mell with no woman, nor use their counsel; for if thou do, thou wilt be confounded, and brought to shame." By the time the man had spoken these words, the evening song was near done. The king paused on these words, studying to give him an answer. But, in the mean time, before the king's eyes, and in the presence of all the lords that were about him, this man vanished away, and could no where be apprehended; but vanished, as if he had been a blink of the sun, or a

whip of the whirlwind. I heard, (says the same writer,) Sir David Lindsay the herald, and John Ingils the marshal, say, they were standing beside the king, and thought to have laid hands on him, but he vanished away betwixt them, and was no more seen. It has been supposed, that this was a stratagem of the queen, in conjunction with the household priest (for in those days of ignorance, the priests wrought many miracles) to deter the king from his wild enterprise. That part of the speech, where he give the king so broad a hint about *incontinence*, seems to imply, that the queen was at the root of the matter.

Omens, also, are said to have occurred calculated to impress the superstitious public with fearful anticipations of the fate of the campaign. Voices as of a herald were heard at midnight at the cross of Edinburgh, summoning the king and his nobles by name to appear within sixty days at the bar of Pluto. Margaret, his queen, also used every plan and influence to detain him, but all to no purpose. When at length he set out for Flodden, she retired to her room and wept many days, anticipating, as the event confirmed, that she would never see him more. He died on the field of battle, and was buried in England; so she never even saw his corpse. There lay slain on the field the king, thirty of the nobles, fifty chiefs, knights, and men of eminence, besides ten thousand men.

In Linlithgow, too, you are shown the house from which Hamilton of Bothwell-haugh shot the *Regent Murray*, in 1570. Hamilton belonged to what was called the king's party, and had been taken prisoner by Murray at the battle of Langside. The regent granted mercy to himself, but confiscated his estate, according to the custom of the times, and bestowed it on one

of his favorites. This man seized the house, and turned his wife out of doors naked, in a cold night, into the open fields, where, before the next morning, she became furiously *mad.* Hamilton was absent. When he returned home and found his wife a maniac, and his house in the possession of another, it so *inflamed his rage*, that he swore nothing would extinguish the fire but the heart's blood of the regent; thus giving up his whole soul to revenge, he followed him from place to place, watching an opportunity to strike the blow: when hearing that the regent was to pass through Linlithgow on his way to Edinburgh, he took his stand at a window, waiting his approach. Murray had got a hint of his danger, and resolved to ride quickly through the city; but just as he came opposite the fatal spot, a pressure in the crowd for a moment impeded his course, when the assassin found time to take so sure an aim, that he shot the regent with a single bullet. The ball passed through his body and killed the horse of a gentleman who rode on the other side. Hamilton mounted a fleet horse, which stood ready in a back passage, and rode off.

He was pursued in his flight by a few of the regent's friends. After both spur and lash had failed him in urging the speed of his horse, and being hard beset, he plunged his dagger into the flank of the animal, and by that means succeeded in leaping a broad marsh, which intercepted his pursuers. He made straight for the house of a friend, where he found shelter for some time. After a short stay he left Scotland, and served in France, under the patronage of the family of Guise. It is recorded that an attempt was made to engage him to assassinate *Gaspar de Coligny*, the famous admiral of France, and buckler of the Huguenot cause. But

they mistook their man; he was no mercenary trader in blood, and rejected the offer with contempt and indignation. He had no authority, he said, from Scotland, to commit murder in France; he had avenged his own just quarrel, but he would neither for price nor prayer, avenge that of another man. Some add that he challenged the bearer on the spot.

CHAPTER XIX.

Dalkeith—Palace, Church, School, and Lord Melville —Epitaph on Margaret Scott—Story of Margaret Dickson.

DALKEITH, next to Edinburgh and Leith, is the most considerable town in Mid-Lothian. The principal street is broad and spacious, containing a great number of elegant houses. One of the greatest markets in Scotland for oat-meal, is held here every Monday; and on Thursday there is one chiefly for grain. Here is situated the seat of the Duke of Buccleugh; it is a large, but not very elegant modern structure, and is surrounded by a beautiful and extensive park. The interior is fitted up in a style of the utmost splendour, containing many fine pictures, a conservatory of birds, and other objects well worthy the attention of strangers.

The town contains no buildings of any importance except the church, which was originally the chapel of the castle, nearly five hundred years ago. It is a Gothic building of very ordinary workmanship. The east end contains the burying vault of the Buccleugh family. Here lies buried Mary Scott, (known in popular song by the appellation of *The Flower of Yarrow.*) It is said she was a woman of great beauty, with skin so

transparent that the blood could be seen circulating through her veins.

The High-school in Dalkeith has long been famed for its superior teachers. The present incumbent, Mr. Steel, is a profound scholar, and a gentleman in every sense of the word. This school has had the honour of educating some men of great distinction in the political as well as the literary world—in particular, the late Lord Melville. It is still remembered to the honour of that great man, that he kept up, throughout the whole course of his splendid career, a familiar acquaintance or correspondence with all his early schoolfellows, however inferior to himself in point of rank and fortune, if otherwise meritorious.

The parish contains about 5000 inhabitants, a gaol, and seven places of worship. The inhabitants are a set of intelligent, social and comfortable living bodies, great sticklers about religion and politics, much given to *whiggery*, but always abounding in hospitality, charity, and brotherly love. This being my native place, I speak from experience. From my earliest recollections, they were ever opposed to the union of the two countries, and until of late they cherished a most genuine dislike to Englishmen. It was customary for a troop of English horse dragoons to lie quartered in this town. Frequent quarrels took place between them and the towns-folk. In several instances the whole town, men and women, rose and drove the soldiers away to seek refuge in another city; and so famous had they become in these rencounters, that to threaten to give a person a *nive*ful (handful) of Dalkeith meal, was understood as a most effectual *knock-down* argument.

I remember to have seen, in my school-boy rambles through the church-yard, the following epitaph:

On

Margaret Scott,

Who died 9th February, 1738, aged 125 *years.*

Stop, passenger, until my life you've read,
The living may get knowledge by the dead:
Five times five years I liv'd a virgin life,
Ten times five years I was a virtuous wife,
Ten times five years I liv'd a widow chaste,
Now tired of this mortal world I rest.
I from my cradle to my grave have seen
Eight mighty kings of Scotland, and a queen;
Four times five years the common wealth I saw,
Ten times the subjects rose against the law;
Twice did I see old prelacy pull'd down,
And twice the cloak was humbled by the gown.
An end of Steuart's race I saw no more;
I saw my country* sold for English ore,—
Such desolations in my time have been,
I have an end of all perfection seen.

In my late visit to my native place I looked among the tombstones for this, but it could not be found—time and change no doubt has been its ruin. The epitaph is still preserved, however, in a *collection* of about one thousand *sepulchral curiosities*, taken from monuments and gravestones—printed in 1823.

Musselburgh is the next town of note in Mid-Lothian. It derives its name from a large bank of muscles on the sea shore in its neighbourhood. Here the Romans built a fort and a town in the twelfth century. This harbour was the most important that was held by these

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* Scotland, refering to the *Union.*

invaders on the south side of the Forth, and was the termination of one of their roads, the traces of which are still to be seen.

In the year 1728 a sermon was preached in the old church at Musselburgh, upon an occasion so memorable that it cannot fail to interest the majority of readers. A woman by the name of Margaret Dickson, the wife of a mariner who had been at sea above a twelve-month, having a child in the mean time, she, to hide her shame, took its life. For this crime she was tried, condemned, and duly (as was thought) executed in Edinburgh.—When the dreadful ceremony was over, poor Maggy's friends put her body into a chest, and drove it away. On the road for Musselburgh, about two miles from town, they stopped at a tavern where they remained about half an hour at dinner. On coming out of the house, how much were they surprised to see their friend sitting up in the chest, having been restored to life, it was supposed, by the motion of the cart. They took her home that night to Musselburgh, where she soon entirely recovered. As she had suffered the penalty of the law, no one dared to molest her. On the succeeding Sunday, she was able to attend public worship, when the minister delivered a discourse applicable to her case. After some time her husband returned, when they were again married, she having been dead in law. She ever after went by the title of half-hangit Maggie. This is a simple tale of *truth*.

CHAPTER XX.

A Parting Scene—the Grave of my Mother—the World of Spirits.

On a late visit to my native village, after an original absence of forty years, when the day of separation again drew near, I accepted an invitation to a farewell dinner. It was on the last day of the year 1833. The company was select, consisting of twenty-five. The majority of them had been my school-fellows *fifty years ago*. The exit of the old, and commencement of the new year, is a time of high festivity all over Scotland. It begins on the last, and continues for the five or six first days of the new year. They are called, by way of distinction, *the daft days*. By-the-by, it is a curious trait in the character of the Romish church; when we look back through the mists of fourteen centuries, we will find that most of those days now called *crazy* (daft) were originally introduced by the priests under the name of *holy days*. Hence, every idle or rejoicing day is termed *holy*, though they are the most wicked days of all the year. The 4th of July is called a holy day, and yet perhaps one million of people get drunk that day, that never get drunk till it comes round again. In all the popish countries, near the tenth of their time is

spent in hearing mass in the morning, and frolicking in the afternoon. The carnival at Venice may be called a week of wicked holy days. In Edinburgh, New-Year's day is a real crazy (daft) day. I remember one of the *daft* tricks they used to play on that day fifty years ago, which was for the men to kiss every woman that they met in the street, no matter whether gentle or simple—if they appeared in public they must pay the penalty. There was no tyranny in this however; the thing was very easily got over—the ladies who wished to be kissed walked out, and those who would rather be excused staid at home. I was in Edinburgh last *daft*-day week, but I find this custom is gone with the days before the flood. But to return to my school-fellows at dinner. The room where we sat was within one hundred yards of the identical school-house into which we had so often trudged, with lingering step and rueful face, and spirits sunk down to our heels; and from whence, when dismissed, we used to bound in all the noise of frantic mirth. There it stood, with the same low rough stone walls, short and narrow windows, leaden sashes and small triangular panes of glass, and its venerable roof covered with thatch. This house, I think, must have been built before the year *one*, (viz. 1701,)—indeed I could not perceive on it the *march of time*. I could not see that the house looked a whit older than it did fifty years* ago. It stands in what they call a close in Scotch, or alley. Neither could I perceive that any of the buildings adjoining had either been *pulled down* or *altered;* and herein lies the essence of pleasure—for when

* At this time no other books were then used in this school, but the shorter Catechism, Spelling Book, and Bible.

you revisit the place of your birth after a long absence, a new generation *stares* at you with a look of something like alarm. You are a stranger at your own door. You look round; there stands the same venerable church and school-house, and may be some ancient oak, under whose limbs, in youth, you whiled away the long and sultry summer day. You hail them as friends. You talk to yourself and the moss; and the ivy on their darkened walls seems to respond to your whisper. This exquisite feeling is only enjoyed by him whose birthplace is a village, a small *deserted village*, where five hundred souls live as one family, where each one knows and is known—for in large cities, man is a stranger among strangers. I stood on my village green. I knew no body, but every body knew me. I sat at the table, the friends of my youth on each side. I tried to trace in their healthy sun-burned faces some lines of the school-boys' countenance. They were gone, and replaced by the wrinkles of time—the flowing locks were shorn, and on their bald foreheads sat the snows of age.

We played over again the games, the frolics, and pranks of our school-boy days. It was altogether a feast of reason and a flow of soul: no *debauch*, for though the whisky punch stood on the table, it was tasted in moderation. We parted with *auld lang syne*, and here it was acted up to nature.

We twa had played aboot the braes, when simmer days were fine,
But, we had wandered mony a weary fit, since auld lang syne;
And, we twa had paddled in the burn, from morning time, till nine,
But seas between us bre'd, had roared, since auld lang syne.

Most of those boys had rose from poverty to wealth and respectability by their own exertions. I observed they were chiefly among those that we called *wicked chaps* at school.

In the house of my father, I enjoyed all that heart could wish in like circumstances. The house stands on the same spot, though somewhat enlarged. There sat my worthy and venerated father, in the same room I last parted with him; his faculties as bright, and his health better than it was fifty years ago. Though blind with age, (having seen the frosts of ninety-one winters.) he knew my voice before he heard my name. There stood the same eight-day clock, which has given note of time to the family as long back as my memory serves; there lay the same old family Bible, with the book containing the simple but beautiful version of the Scottish psalms. Much of the furniture was the same—in short, I was at home. I would not have exchanged my feelings at this moment, for all the pomp and pageantry of kings since the world began.

On a gray, calm, cloudy afternoon, when the days were short, and darkness covering the land by 4 o'clock, I walked out to visit the *grave of my mother* for the last time. *The grave of my mother!* Of all the sounds which issue from the tomb, there is not one more solemn, nor one which more keenly penetrates the soul than this. *The grave of my mother!*—though your mother may have shut her eyes in death, as you first opened your's to see the light of the sun; though you may have spent a half of a century in thoughtlessness and folly; though you have seen perils by land, and perils on the great deep; though you fear not God nor regard man; yet stand by the grave of your mother, (on her dust

you dare not tread, *nature forbids!*) and your heart will melt like softened wax.

In a lonely church-yard,* remote from mortals dwelling on this gloomy winter's day, I stood by the grave of my mother. Her image I could not recall, (as she left this world, before I knew my right hand from my left.) But, as I stooped over the *sod*, which covered that breast from whence I drew the first nourishment of life, I wondered with myself why I should *still weep*, though that sod has been wet with the snow of *sixty winters*—it was nature claiming her own. I was lost! The spot where I stood was consecrated ground, and

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* In this solitary place of sculls is the burial-ground for the parish of Newbottle. Here a monastery was founded some time in the twelfth century, by King David I., for a community of Cistercian monks. These monks were the first persons that discovered coal in Scotland, and used it as a fuel. The monastery or abbey is still in excellent repair, being the residence of the Marquis of Lothian. But the place is truly a *deserted* village. In my young days it was a place of considerable note, being chiefly occupied by weavers and market gardeners; now it looks as solitary as the ruins of Babylon itself—no sound to be heard, save the grinding of a lonely mill, and the chattering of the swallow and sparrow on the house-top. Fifty years ago it contained a row of houses about one fourth of a mile in length; now I did not observe more than a dozen of chimnies, from whence issued smoke. In this lone land of solemn desolation is the humble grave of my mother.

Returning from this narrow house of mourning, I spied the sexton opening an old grave. He was digging through whole rows of generations, the place having been a cemetery for probably six hundred years. I stood about ten minutes in conversation, and counted seven sculls thrown up from the bowels of the earth. When the dead, both small and great, shall spring from these tombs, how awful will be the sight! The very dust we tread on once lived.

my spirit was communing with hers, perhaps it was hovering around.

Friends departed, are *angels* sent from heaven. Are they not all *ministering spirits?* Then why may not a departed mother be sent to watch over her orphan child. In my childish days I used to *devour* a *nursery story* of a *mother* who died and left seven young children, and as the story went, her ghost was seen every night to enter the room, and straighten the bed clothes over her sleeping babes. We have all felt the influence of these nursery tales; this one made a strong impression on my mind. Oft when put to bed in my dark and solitary room, have I wished most fervently that my mother would appear in her white robes, that I might see her face—fear entered not into this feeling. I knew if she came it would be in *love*, and my soul longed to behold her countenance. I think this childish fancy has had a salutary influence on my after life. I remember, as I grew in years, (*far up*, I am not yet,) if my way at night lay through a church-yard, by a ghostly castle or on *haunted ground*, I had no fear. I thought if a ghost came, it would be my mother, and I rather wished for, than dreaded the sight. Since then I have had no trouble about the inhabitants of the *invisible world.*

In 1798, when death reigned triumphant through our city, have I watched all night alone in a solitary room, in a deserted house, and almost deserted street, hearing nothing, save the heavy groans, the short breath, and the death rattle of a fellow-mortal just entering the confines of eternity. I doubted not but spirits were in attendance there, but hoped and prayed they were ministering spirits, ready to convey a ransomed soul to worlds of bliss. The devil might also be there,

eagerly watching for his prey. But I knew that the eye of *Omnipotence* was there; he has taken the prey from the mighty, and all the devils in hell dare not move a finger without his permission.

Some will smile at this world of spirits of whom I speak—say it is all a flight of fancy, or the wandering of a distempered brain. It is very probable it may be so, for I do think our brains are all more or less distempered. We think we are wise, (a symptom of our distemper,) though we are born as ignorant as a set of wild young jackass colts. But if we are to believe nothing, except we can demonstrate the truth of its existence by the sense of sight or touch, we might almost doubt our own existence. Were it not for the power of the microscope, thousands of stars would blaze unseen, and the man who would assert that millions of live animals sport in every spoonful of spring water we swallow, would be placed in the madhouse. When therefore we know that earth, air, and sea, are full of living beings inferior to us in power, and unseen to our natural sight, why then should it be thought a thing incredible to us, that God has made beings of power and intelligence far superior to us, though to our eyes unseen?

This doctrine of invisible messengers, to say the least of it, is a very pleasing revery, the belief of which I would not exchange for a world. To think they are hovering round us in our path, watching our pillow by night, and whispering on our senses while we sleep, is a consolation most devoutly to be thankful for. What a poor cold milk-and-water system that doctrine of infidelity must be, believing nothing but what it can comprehend, while at the same time we cannot comprehend the machinery of our own frame.

Children begin to reason before they are four years old; and at that age they know nothing of the world's deceptions, but explicitly believe whatever their parents tell them. Were parents and nurses therefore, instead of filling their minds with frightful stories about ghosts and powerful wicked devils, to inform them that God who made the devils is stronger than they; that they cannot hurt any one without his permission; and that he also made good angels, who are more powerful than the devils, and that he sends them to guard good children when they sleep and when they wake, and if fire or floods surround them in the night, his angels will wake them up and deliver them—this would save them from that slavish fear, which makes them afraid to walk in the dark, and to tremble at their own *shadow.* It would also give them a more pleasing impression of the character of their *Maker*, whose *name* is *Love*, and inspire them with courage as they grew up, to go forward in the way of duty, encountering the troubles and dangers of life with confidence, knowing that without divine permission, no evil can befall them, or plague come near their dwelling.

CHAPTER XXI.

Fisherrow—Men, Manners, and Women there—St. Nonan's Church—Largo—Birth-place and Sketch of Alexander Selkirk, alias Robinson Crusoe.

Fisherrow is connected with Musselburgh by three or more bridges. The chief class of the population consists of fishermen. The numerous female relations of these men form a *peculiar* people, and are so remarkable in every respect, that they must not be passed over without notice. They are called fish wives; their employment is the transportation of fish from the harbour of their village to Edinburgh, a distance of six miles. They usually carry loads of from 1 to 200 weight in willow baskets upon their backs, evincing thereby a degree of masculine strength, which is not unaccompanied by manners equally masculine. There is in Fisherrow, indeed, a complete reversal of the duties of the sexes—the husband being often detained at home by bad weather, and employing himself as nurse; while the wife is endeavouring at Edinburgh, to win the means of maintaining the family. A woman of Fisherrow would have but little cause of boasting, if she could not, by this species of industry, gain money sufficient to maintain a domestic establishment inde-

pendent of the exertions, whatever they might be of her husband. On hearing of any such effeminate person being about to be married, it is customary for the thorough-paced fish wives to exclaim, in a tone of sovereign contempt, "Her! what wad she do wi' a man, that canna win* a man's bread?"

These singular amazons referred too, dress themselves in a style, which, if coarse, must also be not uncostly; they are unable to wear any head dress, except a napkin, on account of the necessity of supporting their back burdens by a broad belt, which crosses the forehead, and has to be slipped over the head every time they take off their merchandise.

They usually wear, however, a voluminous and truly Flemish quantity of petticoats, with a jerkin of blue cloth, and several fine napkins inclosing the neck and bosom. Their numerous petticoats are of different qualities and colours; and it is customary, while two or three hang down, to have as many or more bundled up over the haunches, so as to give a singularly bulky and sturdy appearance to the figure. Thirty years ago they wore no shoes nor stockings, but cannot now be impeached with that fault. They have strong black leather shoes, and generally knit *white* worsted stockings, which appeared to have been put on *clean* every morning. Indeed, I saw no class in Scotland, whose condition seemed to have so much improved, (since I left the country 40 years ago,) as that of the fisherwomen. I was told that it was *mainly* owing to the introduction among them of *Sunday schools*. It is rather remarkable, that those vain philosophers, who have been writing for

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* Win, Scotch—earn, English.

centuries and searching for plans whereby to improve the condition of man, thought not of this. The experiment never yet has failed, (where there lived a community who obeyed not God nor feared man; but who lived in filth, rags and drunkenness,) but, as soon as you introduce among them the *order* of the Sabbath, and the sober decencies of religion, they are temperate, clean, clothed, and sitting in their right mind, hearing his word. Formerly, they spent their week's wages in the tavern. *This by the way.*

The ancient little fishing village of St. Nonans, in Fifeshire, is worthy of a visit, on account of its parish church, which is a curious little old Gothic edifice, situated so near to the sea, as to be occasionally wet by its foam, until lately when it underwent a thorough repair. It exhibited a complete suit of church furniture, which, neither in the pulpit, nor in the galleries, nor in the ground pews, had experienced for nearly two hundred years the least repair, or even been once touched by the brush of the painter. A small old-fashioned model of a ship, full rigged, hung from the roof, like a chandelier, as an appropriate emblem of the generally maritime character of the parishoners. In former times, the bell which rang the people of St. Nonans to public worship hung upon a tree in the church-yard, and was removed every year during the herring fishing season, because the fishermen had a superstitious notion that the fish were scared away from the coast by its noise.

Largo is an extensive fishing village in Fifeshire, and is remarkable as the birth-place of Alexander Selkirk, the prototype of *Robinson Crusoe*. The real history of this man has been already often printed, but the following additional memorabilia respecting him, picked up at a late visit to the place, will perhaps be new to most readers.

Alexander Selkirk was born in the year 1676, (one century prior to the American declaration of independence.) His father, like almost all the men of the village, was a fisherman, and had another son who carried on the line of his family. There are many people of this *rare name* in the village, but this particular family has now ended in a daughter, who being a married woman, has lost the name. Alexander is remembered to have been a youth of a high spirit, and uncontrolable temper—to which, in all probability, we are to attribute the circumstance of his being left on the island of *Juan Fernandez*. To a trivial family quarrel, resulting from this bad quality on his part, the world is indebted for the admirable fiction which, for a century past, has charmed the romantic imaginations of all its youth.

The following is the accredited family narrative of that event. Alexander came home one evening, and feeling thirsty, raised a pipkin of water to his mouth in order to take a drink; it turned out to be salt water, and he immediately replaced the vessel on the ground with an exclamation of disgust. This excited the humour of his brother, who was sitting by the fire, and with whom he had not lately been on good terms. The laugh and the jibe were met on Alexander's part with a blow. Both brothers immediately closed in a struggle, in which Alexander had the advantage. Their father attempted to interpose, but the offended youth was not to be prevented by even parental authority from taking his revenge. A general family combat now took place, some siding with the one brother, and some with the other; and peace was not restored till the whole town, alarmed by the noise, was gathered in scandalized wonderment to the spot. Matters such as this were *then* deemed fit for the attention of the kirk-session. Alex-

ander Selkirk, as the prime cause of the quarrel, was summoned before that venerable body of old women, and commanded to expiate his offence by standing a certain number of Sundays in the church as a penitent, to be rebuked by the clergyman.* He at first utterly refused to submit to so degrading an exhibition of his person, but the entreaties of his friends, and the fear of excommunication, at length prevailed over his noble nature. He submitted to the mortifying censures of the church in all their contemptible details. No sooner, however, had the term of his punishment expired, than, overwhelmed with shame and disgust, he left his native town, and sought on the broad ocean the sea-room which had been denied to his restless spirit at home. After an absence of several years, during which he had endured the solitude of *Juan Fernandez*, he returned to his native town. He brought with him the gun, sea-chest, and cup, which he had used on the uninhabited island. He spent nine months in the bosom of his family—then went away on another voyage, and was never more heard of.

The house in which this remarkable person was born still exists. It is an ordinary cottage of one story and a garret; it has never been out of the possession of his family since his time. The present occupant is his great-grandniece, Catherine Selkirk, or Gillies, who inherited it from her father, the late John Selkirk, who

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* In my youth, I have seen a young man and woman stand up before a whole congregation, and receive a rebuket for *bundling*, three months before marriage.

† A custom, or relic, of popery.

was grandson to the brother, with whom Alexander had the quarrel, and died so late as October 1825, at the age of 74. Mrs. Gillies, who has very properly called one of her children after her celebrated kinsman, to prevent, as she says, the name from going out of the family, is very willing to show the chest and cup to strangers applying for a sight of them. The chest is a very strong one, of the ordinary size, but composed of peculiarly fine wood, jointed in a remarkably complicated manner, and convex at top. The cup is formed out of a cocoanut, the small segment cut from the mouth supplying a foot; it was recently mounted with silver, at the expense of the late Mr. A. Constable, the celebrated bookseller in Edinburgh. The gun, with which the adventurer killed his game, and which is said to be seven feet long, has been alienated from the family, and is now in possession of Major Lumsdale.

CHAPTER XXII.

A Chapter of Incidents out of place—Monument of Lady Nightingale—my Trunk lost and recovered—Servants in London—a Noble Party—the King and Scotch Cook.

In the chapel of St. John and St. Michael, (Westminster Abbey,) is the monument of Lady Nightingale. It was executed by Roubiliac, and is remarkable for the beauty of its workmanship. A fine figure of death is coming out of a tomb ready to hurl his dart. The husband is represented as standing between the monster and his beautiful wife, endeavouring to ward off the blow. *It is vain!* This old experienced marksman never missed—never was bribed by worth, youth, or beauty; the dart strikes the vital spot—she sinks—she dies! It is a very interesting sight.

On the 1st of March, at 2 P. M., I left Liverpool on the Manchester rail-road, on my way to London, where I intended to ship. When we pay for our seat in the car, we receive a ticket, bearing the number of the seat we are to occupy. The car contains six seats in the form of an arm chair, and are numbered. In my front sat a respectable looking gentleman, whom, from his dress, I presumed belonged to the society of Friends. We soon entered into conversation. Our jour-

ney from Liverpool to Manchester, a distance of 30 miles, occupied one hour and thirty minutes. When the car stopped, we were still in earnest conversation. As we stepped out, my friend observed—"friend Grant, as thou art a stranger in these parts, if thee will put thyself under my direction, and walk along to my dwelling, on the way we pass the office of the stage which goes on for London at 8 o'clock this evening. We can secure thy seat; then step to my house, partake of a cup of tea, and sit with my family till half past seven. It will be more agreeable, than to sit three hours in a hotel among strangers." As this kind offer exactly agreed with my notions of propriety in these matters, I thanked him sincerely, and accompanied him on the way. It was now 4 P. M. On arriving at his house we partook of an excellent cup of tea, and was engaged in a pleasant family fireside conversation. At a quarter past 7, I drew out my watch, while I was tracing the figure, my friend observes, "friend Grant, thee seems to carry very little baggage, to have travelled so far." I sprung on my feet, says I, "I have lost my trunk; what shall I do?" Says he, "we will call a carriage and try." You will observe, it now wanted only 40 minutes to the time of starting. We drove to the office of the cars—could get no intelligence of the trunk—said when the cars stopped they were all placed on the ground; and if passengers left their baggage, it was at the mercy of any one who might carry it off, as no goods were received in the office, except at the request of the owner, and on his entering his name. Gladly would I now have given 50 pr. ct. to have insured my trunk. We then drove to different hotels and omnibus offices—finally found the trunk among a heap of others at one of the hotels. We reached the stage office, saw my trunk secured on

the top, and took my seat just two minutes before starting. In common phrase, I think my falling in with this gentleman one of the most fortunate incidents of my journey; but for him, I really believe I would not have recovered my trunk; one thing is certain, I would not have got it that night, and of course would have lost my passage in the stage. My mind was in that state of anxiety, I was incapable of acting with discretion or making a cool inquiry; while he was prompt, active, well known and respected; as I could see, by the alacrity and attention paid to his inquiries wherever we went.

When I thought of my stupidity in walking off with only my cloak on my arm and umbrella in my hand, and leaving my trunk, which I had safely carried through a five months journey, and now to lose it on the last day of my route; when I remembered that I had not a change of clothing, and that all my books, pictures, papers, and curiosities, which I had been gathering with so much trouble and care, were in that trunk; I say, when I thought of this, (the thought did not drive me mad,) it made me feel as stupid as any simple fool ever felt when left to wander in his own counsels. Mr. C——— is a respectable member of the society of Friends, and an extensive manufacturer of *crapes* in Manchester. I care not a *cent* for the epithet *enthusiast*. I firmly believe in the doctrine of a particular Providence; and that I was directed in the way of this man as the means of getting my feet out of this scrape. Had he been *five minutes later* in his remark about the smallness of my baggage, I certainly would have lost my passage—would have lost a night and a day, and probably my trunk.

"There is a divinity doth shape our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

[*Cowper.*

"As falls a sparrow to the ground,
Obedient to thy will;
By the same law those globes wheel round,
Each drawing each, yet all still found
In one eternal system bound
One order to fulfil."

[*Brougham.*

I arrived in London next day about sun down. It is amusing to see the deference paid to dress and appearances by the livery servants in London. They seem to be more tenacious on this point than most of their masters. If you approach the door, except you come in a carriage of some sort, no matter how mean, you are hardly treated with civility. I went to deliver a letter of introduction to a gentleman in Russell Square *on foot—rang*. The liveryman looked from a door in the area of the cellar. "What's wanting?" says he. "Is Mr. W. within?" says I. "He is gone out."—"When he comes in give him this letter and *card*," says I. Next day Mr. W. called at my dwelling, having his lady, two children, a young gentleman, and himself in an elegant carriage, a coachman before, and this same livery servant behind. Being called, I went to the carriage. Mr. W. came out, insisted on going in the house. I wished him not to leave his family in the street. He came in however, conversed ten minutes, gave me his address, with an invitation to dine that and every other evening at 6 o'clock while I was in London. I always dined with him from that day, when my other engagements would admit. But I was much

amused to see with what pointed attention I was treated by this same servant next time I called—as taking off my surtout, hanging up my hat, &c., after he had seen the polite manner in which his master had answered my call.

On one occasion I dined at Lord B's. There were twelve at the table, and six servants in splendid livery to wait on them. I put on my best black suit, and looked as smooth as a country parson.* I had got a few glimpses at high life previously, so I felt some confidence in myself. The mistress of the feast sat at the head of the table. On her right sat a young lady, a Miss C——n. I was placed on her right, while the eldest daughter of the family, a girl of seventeen, sat on my right hand. So I was placed between the *twa*. When I looked at the servants with their powdered heads and clothes of scarlet, at the vessels of gold and vessels of silver, at the jars of China and platters of glass, at the lords and the ladies, at the sirs and the counts, at the room, whose seats, sofas, Ottomans and foot-stools, far outshone what we have read of Eastern luxury and splendour, and whose gas lamps and chandeliers sent forth a blaze more brilliant than their winter sun, I thought this was rather going ahead of anything of the kind I had yet seen, and was rather afraid I might make some blunder. However, I was resolved to maintain my confidence, and make myself at home, like my worthy countryman, Sir Andrew Wylie, at the ball given by the Duchess of Dashingwell in the next square to where I am now partaking of London hospitality. Miss C——n was a sociable and intelli-

* I came in a carriage on this important business.

gent girl. We were at home in five minutes. Says I, "Miss, I have seen some fine parties at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Liverpool, but this is rather carrying the joke a little farther than any thing I have seen yet; I am afraid I may go wrong. I am something like the old woman in Scotland, who went to dine with the minister; so if I can't get on you must help me along." She said she would. "But what of the old lady in Scotland?" said she. Says I, "I have heard my father relate the story years ago, (it happened in the parish where he lives,) and I heard him relate it again last week. (She was much surprised to hear he yet lives in his 91st year.) "On a certain market day, Margaret, the wife of a neighboring farmer, in addition to her load of hens, geese, and turkeys, brought a small basket of eggs as a present for her minister. Having sold off her load of sundries, she wends her way to the parsonage. After inquiring how he, the wife, and aw' the bairns did, she says, "I hae brought ye twa or three *callar* (fresh) eggs for the good wife, to help her *youl bannocks*," (Christmas cakes.) The eggs were kindly received, and being dinner hour, she was invited to stop and take her kail. "*Na, na,*" says Margaret, "I *dinna ken hu* to behave at great folks' tables." "Oh, never mind," said the minister, "just do as ye see me do." Margaret was persuaded, and sat down at the table. It so happened that the minister was old and well stricken with age, and with all had got a stroke of the palsey. In conveying the spoon from the cup to the lip, the arm being unsteady, the soup was apt to spill on the ground; therefore, to prevent damage befalling his garments, it was his custom to fasten one end of the table-cloth with two stout pins to the top of his waistcoat, just under the chin. Margaret, who sat on

the opposite corner of the table *watching his motions*, immediately pins the other end of the cloth to a strong homespun shawl, right under her chin. She was attentive to every move. The minister deposites a quantity of *mustard* on the edge of his plate. Margaret, not observing this *fugal* exactly, carries the spoon to her mouth. The mustard soon began to operate on the olfactory nerve. She had never before seen mustard. She thought she was bewitched. The girl coming in with clean plates opens the door. Margaret makes one spring, upsets the girl, plates and all, sweeps the table of all its contents: the crash adds speed to her flight. The minister being fast to the other corner, was compelled to follow as quick as his tottering limbs could move. He held on to the railing. The pins slipped. Away went Margaret, and never looked back on the parson's door." Miss C——n laughed *aloud* at the conclusion. Some of the company inquired the cause, so, by way of explanation, I was compelled to repeat the story.

The conversation turned chiefly on the conceit and pride, &c., of the Americans. I observed, that they had much to be proud of, such upright statesmen and honest politicians as Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Jay, Franklin and others, perhaps no other country could boast of. This was assented to; and with regard to ships, none can build, sail, or fight like them. Some remarks (from Hall, Trollope and Fiddler's Men and Manners) being made about the ladies, I said I firmly believed there was not a lady in America, but would sooner suffer the pains of martyrdom, than expose her person, as their women do at the pantheons, theatre and opera boards. These and similar sentiments which I maintained in conversation pleased many, but were

rather cutting to a few. I observed to them, (by the way of soothing,) that the Americans originally sprung chiefly from Britain; therefore, they ought not to be jealous, because their sons and daughters had not degenerated.

The conversation took a turn, and was maintained for some time on the national character of the Scots, their intelligence, industry and enterprise; their steady habits, respect for religion and attachment to the Bible. A gentleman, by way of a case in point, related the following anecdote, which, though not quite original, is well worth preserving.

The King and his Scotch Cook.

The witty Earl of Rochester, being in company with King Charles II., his queen, chaplain, and some ministers of state, after they had been discoursing on business, the king suddenly exclaims, "Let our thoughts be unbended from the cares of state, and give us a generous glass of wine—*that cheereth*, as the scripture saith, *God and man*." The queen hearing this, modestly said she thought there could be no such text in the scriptures, and that the idea was but little less than blasphemy. The king replied he was not prepared to turn to chapter and verse, but was sure he had met it in his scripture reading. The chaplain was appealed to, and he was of the same opinion as the queen. Rochester suspecting the king to be right, and being no friend to the chaplain, slipped out of the room to inquire among the servants if any of them were conversant with the Bible. They named David, the Scotch cook, who always carried a Bible about him; and David being called, recollected both the text, and where to find it.

Rochester ordered him to be in waiting, and returned to the king. This text was still the topic of conversation, and Rochester moved to call in David, who, he said, he found was well acquainted with the scriptures. David appeared, and being asked the question, produced his Bible, and read the text, (Judges ix. 13.) The king smiled, the queen asked pardon, and the chaplain blushed. Rochester then asked the doctor if he could interpret the text now it was produced? The doctor was mute. The earl, therefore, applied to David for the exposition. The cook immediately replied, "How much wine cheereth many our lordship knows: and that it cheereth God, I beg leave to say, that under the Old Testament dispensation, there were meat-offerings and drink-offerings; the latter consisted of wine, which was typical of the blood of the Mediator, which by a metaphor was said to cheer God, as he was well pleased in the way of salvation he had appointed. Whereby his justice was satisfied, his law fulfilled, his mercy reigned, his grace triumphed, all his perfections harmonized, the sinner was saved, and God in Christ glorified." The king was surprised at this evangelical exposition. Rochester applauded, and after some severe reflections upon the doctor, very gravely moved, that his majesty would be pleased to make the chaplain his cook, and this cook his chaplain.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Conversazione—Mr. Irving and the Irvingites—A Visit to the Packet—A Street Juggler.

I was next invited to make one of a party, or as the card sent me specified, a *conversazione*, to be at the place at 10 A. M. The door was attended by two servants in proper costume; to one I gave the card I received, and while he carried it to his master, the other was helping off my coat, hat, and securing my umbrella. He affixed to them a ticket, and gave me the corresponding number, to prevent an exchange. I thought in my case this precaution was unnecessary, as I stand within an inch of five feet, and they were all *great men*. The master appeared, when I was presented in form.

I thought, on the whole, it was a very pretty and a very rational affair. The gentlemen were chiefly literary and scientific characters. The ladies, were women of taste and refinement; in fact, it was a real show of natural and artificial curiosities. Almost every guest brought with him or her some contribution to the evening's amusement. Many of the gentlemen had lately been in far countries, and had with them the fruits of their industry and taste. There were plants, flowers, drawings, paintings, prints, minerals, shells, petrifactions,

&c. &c.; but among all the wonders of nature and art there displayed, nothing appeared so remarkable in my eyes, as the skin which was cast off from a man's hand after the manner of a snake. This article was produced by a physician, who gave us a well authenticated account of the circumstances of the case. The man was a respectable farmer not far from London, and was subject to some sort of fever, which seized him regularly every five years. On recovering from the fever, the skin came off from his hands nearly as complete as a pair of gloves. The specimen I saw was in this state. There was only a small rent on one of the fingers, I think on the left hand. So frequent had this circumstance occurred to the man, that it was usual for some physician or neighbour to engage from him the skin of his hand a twelve-month or more previous to its coming off. I had seen nothing, where I found myself so much at home, and to my liking, as at this party. I was the only non-resident in the company, and received more than my own share of attention. A number of rooms were thrown open, where the walks were hung, and the tables covered with the wonders and curiosities aforesaid. In another very spacious hall, a table was spread with every thing to tempt and satisfy the appetite. There was tea, coffee, wines and cakes, pies, pastry and confections. The company was in pairs and in parties, walking and talking, sitting and admiring, eating or drinking, just as fancy or feeling inclined. The lord and lady of the manor led me from room to room, introducing me to every group, party, and coterie. A lady asked me to write my name on the back of her card. This was only the beginning, not of sorrow but of scratching. The request—and

mine, and mine, reiterated by many, till the cards fell on the table before me, as thick as snow flakes on a winter's morning. A young lady presented her card—it was a very large one; and by way of variety in the scene, a thought came into my head. I wrote it thus:—

THE CARD.

GRANT THORBURN

&

MISS ANNA SEYMOUR.

I wrote my name &—just above her name on the face of the card. The card flew round the room creating a laugh—all that was intended.

This procuring of signatures is a very prevailing foible among the good folks in Britain at this time. I was shown books by many, where I saw the signatures of Washington, Bonaparte, Pitt, Fox, Sir W. Scott, &c. They are often procured at considerable trouble and expense. Sometimes by writing to the person whose name they wish, making some frivolous inquiry, and paying the postage. When the answer comes back, their end is attained; they cut off the signature, and paste it in their book. If you are at their house, and

they wish your name, you are requested to write it in their book.

The company began to disperse, and I was sent home in a carriage at 2 o'clock A. M. The streets in London, except by the bank, the exchange and custom-house, are nearly as much crowded at midnight, as they are in the middle of the day; but their fine police keeps all in order.

Having heard much of the far-famed Mr. Irving, I went with a friend to judge for myself. Though I reached the door half an hour before the time appointed, it was with much difficulty we could force an entrance. By the time he got about the middle of his harangue, the crowd increased to a real mob. From squeezing and jostling they soon came to blows, and for some minutes there was a real set-to. A party of the police, who are ever at hand, made a forcible entry, carried away half a dozen, shut the doors, and restored order. For some time I was in more danger, to all appearance, than ever I had been either on land or water. When the fight commenced below, I stood at the top of the gallery stairs. A rush from the gallery pressed all before them downwards, and a rush from the door pressed all before them upwards—women screaming and fainting, men cursing, boys swearing; some bawling for their hats, canes, and umbrellas; some singing out, take care of your money, pocket-books, &c. In the mean time, I was in danger of suffocation, being in the heart of the crowd. I finally got hold of the banisters. There I could breathe; but the danger appeared to increase. Another shout below, and another rush from above. The banisters began to crack. I expected next moment to be precipitated on the heads of the people twenty feet below, with some hundreds on my

back. The police-men opened the doors, the crowd rushed into the street, the passage was cleared, and I made my escape, resolving never to enter Mr. Irving's chapel more.

Irving's discourse was neither a sermon nor a lecture, an exhortation nor an oration, but a rambling, incomprehensible harangue, of high sounding and great swelling words, bombast and jingle; words thrown out by the yard, without sense or meaning. And this he continued, as I learned afterwards, for upwards of two hours.—The substance of what he said is comprised in twenty or thirty scripture words, viz: "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they all spoke with tongues, and tongues sat on them like fire. Your sons, and your daughters shall prophecy, your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams."—Dreamer, indeed, thought I. Now, you have only to get some long, lank, thin, pale-faced looking yankee, with straight, sleek black hair, smoothly combed over his forehead, ears, neck, and shoulders—let him stand for the space of two whole hours, repeating the above scraps of texts, and that too at the top of his lungs, then you may fancy to yourself, that you are just hearing one of Mr. Irving's sermons, in St. Martin's Lane, London. There is no doubt but his mind is alienated; but it is rather strange that he has collected about one hundred and fifty crazy mortals to become his deciples. The most conspicuous of his apostles is Mr. Drummond, the great London banker, a man whose income is estimated, by those who know him, to be not less than £30,000 sterling a year. However these things are neither new nor uncommon. I remember of seeing in Scotland, about the year 1783, a company of forty or fifty men and women led out into the wilderness by a Mrs.

Buchan. They said they were travelling to Jerusalem, from whence they were to get on the top of Mount Olivet, and then ascend to heaven. This woman had in her train a presbyterian minister, and a lawyer of eminent practice. These people never got farther than the coast however; their funds got low, when each man returned to his own home. In late years too, Hannah Southcott led in her train, (in England,) a company of men and women, some of them were very respectable. They were all engaged with her in some such wild goose chase, as the Buchanites in Scotland fifty years ago, and the Irvingites in London at the present day.

On leaving such a scene, the only feeling which a serious and candid hearer could cherish, was one of anger, sympathy, and sincere sorrow, that such pitiful exhibitions of human weakness should be so held forth under the character of divine worship. The proceedings of this sect, since their first appearance, has given some extraordinary proofs of the wild and wayward wanderings of the human mind from the paths of rectitude and reason when left to its own guidance.

A few days before leaving London, at a dinner party, the conversation took a turn about the American packets—their beauty, accommodations, swift sailing, &c. A lady in the company expressed a wish to see them. I told her I had engaged my passage in the ship Montreal, lying at St. Catharine's dock, and if agreeable I would be happy to accompany her on board. Next morning, according to appointment, at 11 o'clock A. M., she called at my lodgings in her own carriage, accompanied by a young lady, her daughter. It was now the 6th of March, and a most beautiful day, the finest I

had seen in England. On arriving at the ship, the seamen were lowering heavy casks into the hold with all the soul-stirring music of their usual song. The ladies looked aloft, from stem to stern, and threw their eyes among the forest of masts with astonishment.—(This was the first ship they had boarded.) Captain Champlin (whose blood and bone is politeness itself) received them on board, and conducted us into the cabin. After showing them the gentlemen's and lady's apartments, cook and steward's conveniences, &c., he set before them wine, biscuit, and *American ham.*—They had never tasted such ham, never saw such beautiful wood, never thought there could be such a place on board of a ship—why it was more splendid than a parlour. Says I, "Madam, it is only the American ships that show such handsome cabins. The Americans pride themselves on fine ships and cabins; and perhaps there is no country known where such varieties of beautiful timber grows, as is produced in the American forests." When we came on shore, she observed, "Your captain must be an Englishman."—Says I, "Madam, what makes you think so?" "Because," says she, "he is as polite and dresses as genteel as any gentleman." Says I, "Madam, that man is a genuine bred Connecticut Yankee. But, madam, the American captains are all gentlemen; many of them have been to college. It is their learning makes them build such fine ships, sail them so swiftly across the Atlantic, and fight them so well when necessary.—It was never heard, since the world began, that a British frigate struck to a frigate of any nation after only fifteen minutes fighting, till the late war, when they struck to the Americans." She smiled, and said, "They are a wonderful people."

When you visit the docks at London or Liverpool, you pass through gates. The carriage was waiting for us at the gate. Passing along, on our return, I saw on the stern of a ship, the ——— of Bristol, apparently about the same tonnage as the Montreal.. The tide being low, the deck was flush with the wharf, and of course easy of access. Says I, "Madam, here is a fine British ship, if you please we will take a view of her cabin." "With all my heart," says she. We went on board, asked the officer if he would permit us to walk in the cabin. "You are welcome," says he. When we got to the foot of the stairs I walked first. She paused and looked in. I asked her to enter. "O, no," says she, "it will *soil* my clothes." When we got on shore—"Well, madam," says I, "you see there is a difference between these cabins?" "As much," says she, "as between my parlour and kitchen." I felt a little American pride at this moment. We now entered the carriage, drove to the Royal Bazar and other lounging places; then to her mansion in Pickadilly, where we partook of a cold cut and wine.—She was much gratified with what she had seen.—Said she had not spent three hours so much to her liking in many days. Never having been on board of a ship till that day, the novelty of the thing struck her exceedingly. We parted much pleased—she with having seen ships, and I with the favourable impression she had received of the American ships. I again entered her carriage, and was driven to my lodgings just in time for dinner.

On the way home, I stopped the carriage for a few minutes to look at a juggler playing his tricks in a public lane near by Regent-street. He had collected around him, with the sound of a drum and

tabor, a vast crowd. He was throwing balls high in the air, and receiving them on the point of a stick as they came down—and other dexterous pranks. I wondered how their police tolerated such a breach of decorum in so public a place.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Respect paid the Dead—Solemnity of their Funerals—Precautions against Resurrectionists—Anecdote of the Auld Wives of Leven.

THERE is something very characteristic in the customs of Europe, with regard to the honours paid to the corpse of their dead. In America, and all warm climates, the dead are generally buried almost before they are cold. In Europe they are kept from four to eight days. Relations, and even distant relations, will come forty and often fifty miles to attend the funeral of a friend; and if not invited, it is considered an affront. I remember an instance which happened in Scotland nearly fifty years ago. A cousin of a gentleman's wife died. They resided at a distance of forty miles. When the news arrived of the death and burial of the cousin, the lady was highly offended because she had not been invited to the funeral. She spoke long and loud on the subject. Her husband getting tired of the theme, by way of comfort, at length speaks out. "Never mind *my dear*," says he, "*when you die I wont invite them.*" The lady looked seriously confounded, but said no more on the subject, being thus most matrimonially comforted.

In Britain, every person attending a funeral comes dressed in a complete suit of black. They walk from the house to the grave in a decent solemn manner. It is rare to see any engaged in conversation. I remember feeling desperately scandalized at the first funeral I saw in New-York; the bell tolling*—the sexton first, wearing a blue coat; two ministers and pall-bearers with scarfs; next followed the father and his sons, handkerchiefs to their eyes, and I really believe were in deep sorrow. Then followed about two hundred men, dressed in coats of all colours, talking, smiling, and conversing, with the same indifference as if it had been the 4th of July procession. Says I to myself, the people here must be without feeling and without natural affection.

In London, the funerals, even among the middling classes, make a most imposing show. The hearse and horses, all decorated with large and splendid black and white plumes, all nodding and floating in the breeze; the mourning coaches, the drivers and footmen, the mutes and undertakers, wrapped in black cloth cloaks with white or black bands around their hats and hanging far down between their shoulders; others walking before and on each side of the hearse in the same dress, with long black rods in their hands; and as they are often hired to *mourn* by those who have no sorrow at the heart, they hang on a face of grief, which is the very picture of melancholy itself. They generally bury between 10 and 11 o'clock A. M. I have seen a splendid funeral procession stopped in the middle of the street for nearly ten minutes by the crowd of carts,

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* This was the custom at that period.

wagons, and carriages, which are continually rolling, day and night, over their busy streets.

One morning I met on the pavement in the neighborhood of St. Paul's church, a most solitary funeral procession. It was preceded by two undertakers with their black rods as usual. The pall was supported by six ladies, and followed by only eight more. There was no man following. They seemed to be all nearly or a little over forty years of age; and they were all clad in deep mourning. They looked to me like a company of *widows* conveying one of their sisters to the cold grave of her husband. Next to the coffin walked two of the oldest—one of them, more than all the rest, seemed sinking with sorrow. I thought she might have been the mother. Slow and solemn they moved along, while the throng opened on the right and left to let them pass. St. Paul's *tremendous* bell was tolling off, his loud and awful sounds. I thought of the dead march from a nunnery. I followed in the rear to view the closing scene. The mother stood by the side of the grave. The beautiful soothing lines of the burial service seemed to calm the tumult of her soul, and she stood with composure. The corpse was now let down into the grave. She stooped and took a last look.—The sextons commenced filling in the clods of the valley. The hollow sound from the coffin struck on her heart; her tears gushed out afresh—like water's lately pent up * * * I walked from the spot, and mixed with the multitude.

The dread of the resurrection-men has induced many of the parishes in England and Scotland to erect towers in their burying-grounds, where a watch is kept all night; and many, even of the poorer class, bury their dead in cast iron coffins. I saw numbers of those

coffins piled up in the corners of the church-yards.—The lid is fastened on with strong screws.

The following authentic anecdote will illustrate the feelings of the common people on this (to them) important subject, and being written in the exact dialect of that section of the country, it will be amusing to some readers.

Anecdote of the Old Wives of Leven.

Leven lies in the parish of Scoony, in Fifeshire, Scotland. The burial-ground is situated about half a mile from the village. The writer of these sheets will never forget the shock he got on preparing to enter this little cemetery. He observed on a long pole overhanging the road, a board with this laconic and fearfully emphatic inscription, "Take notice—*Any person entering this church-yard will be shot.*" As there was no exception specified in favour of either peripatetic authors, or any other harmless class of mortals, he of course abstained from his intended meditations among the tombs; though not without resolving to make the unapproachability of the burial-ground of Scoonie a little more extensively known.

The reader will have no difficulty in referring this formidable advertisement to its proper cause—the alarm which every where prevails regarding *resurrection-men.* This is a subject of some importance. The fear of nocturnal attempts upon the tombs of their friends may be said to have succeeded in the minds of the common people. The old superstition regarding ghosts and fairies is rife every where, but observable mostly in sequestered parts of the country. If the people be in the habit of seeing "strange gentlemen" riding and

racing from all parts, to view some notorious curiosity or beautiful scenery—as a stupendous rock or waterfall, they regard them as only "daft," and seem inclined to congratulate themselves on being exempted by Providence from the manias which afflct the better orders of society. But should the case be otherwise, and one or two view-hunters come to their place in a twelve-month, *these* are, as a matter of course, understood to have "an e'e to the kirk-yard."

A young man having lately entered a church-yard in a secluded part of the country, with the view of whiling away an hour in perusing the epitaphs, a decent-looking villager came up and addressed him in something like the following style: "I'll tell you what, my man, if ye ha' na ony particular business to deteen ye i' the toon, ye had just as good gang awa. I've come to tell ye this as a freend; and, deed, I wad advise ye to pat aff as cannily as ye can; the folk 'll be risin, and ye ken that wadna maybe be very agreeable." It was a good while before the intruder understood the man's drift; but when he did perceive its meaning, he was fain to take the hint for the preservation of his person.

This case, however, is nothing to one which occurred in the course of a tour undertaken for the sake of this work at Torpichen, a village in West Lothian, about five miles from a public road. I sought out this place for the purpose of seeing the remains of the preceptory of the Knights of St. John. The ruins lie in the church-yard; and I made no scruple at entering the little enclosure in order to inspect them. While engaged in this labour of curiosity, I was accosted by an old woman with a very civil observation upon the fineness of the day. She then hinted a supposition that I was a stran-

ger in the country side. I confessed the fact. "Hae ye nae freends here abouts?" she inquired. "None." "Od," said she, "we dinna like to see fouk comin about our kirk-yard that ha'e na business wi' them. May I speer (ask) what ye're came here for?" Before I could answer this question, another old lady came up, and apparently resolved to treat me with less delicacy, cried with a loud screeching voice, "Faith, Billy, ye needna think for to come here to play your pranks; we've as gude a watch here as they ha'e doun at Lithgow: there's the house they stay in. And they hae a gun; Lord, gin ye get a touch o' their gun, ye wad sune be a subjeck yeer'sell! Gae wa wi' ye; try athgate; they'll maybe no be sae strick there." "Hout, Katie," said the first speaker in a softer voice, "the gentleman's maybe no come wi' ony sic intention; he'll just ha' come to see the auld kirk." "Fient a auld kirk is he come to see," resumed the other; "he's fonder o' kirk-yards than kirks, I'se warrant him. Od, woman, d'ye no see, he's just ane o' thae genteel kind o' chaps that gang after that tred." "Ay," said a third hag, "and div ye observe, he's sutten doun stride-legs on auld Johny Watt's grave, as gin he were already making sure o' him. Oh the blackguard!" Other old women were now gathering round me, alike alive to the horror of my supposed character; and I could compare the scene of vituperation and disorder which ensued to nothing but the gathering of harpies round Æneas.—Suffice it to say, that I had at last to make a precipitate retreat from Torphichen, in order to avoid the death of St. Stephen.

CHAPTER XXV.

Parting with my Father—Conclusion—Friends Parting—Yankee's in London—Matrimonial Fracas—Voyage Home.

In this world every thing has its pleasures and its pains. In the cabin we were just long enough together to make us feel the pain of parting. When the long looked for day arrives, and we step on shore at our desired haven, then it is that the eye which expected to dance and brighten with delight on the scenes and novelties around, is often dimmed in tears, when we part with those whose faces we shall look on no more for ever. On landing, I bore my share in this feeling.

During the four months and fifteen days I sojourned in Britain, this making and parting with friends was a matter of very frequent occurrence. In some cases, of course, the attachment was more strong, and the parting more keenly felt. But there seems to be something in our nature that revolts at the idea of a parting for ever. There is a hope, a well-grounded and a rational hope, held out in the gospel, and there only, that friends will meet to part no more. Allowing (as the vain philosopher says) it is all delusion, it is a very soothing, and a very consoling, and a very innocent delusion;

and it is one which no man of sound mind (whatever he may profess in words) can shake from his soul, viz: the hopes of meeting them he holds most dear in some improved state of *existence hereafter*. Depraved propensity may wish for annihilation, but the soul still says *I never die*.

When I came to part with my father for the last time, I saw before me a living proof that the hope of the gospel can support nature in the most trying situations. He is now in his ninety-first year. His eyes are dim, so that he cannot discern objects around. I dreaded this day of parting. I knew it was for the last time, and put it off as long as possible; but time lingers not, the hour came, and the coach was at the door. I held his hand, it trembled not, neither did his voice falter.—"Now," says he, "we part, and except we meet at the right hand of Christ, it will be for ever. Go, and may he who has led and fed me all my life long, go with you." At this moment he stood like Jacob, leaning upon the top of his staff. Thus we separated, on the same spot on which we had parted forty years before.

In the course of my walks through the streets and lanes of the cities of London, Edinburgh, &c., I now and then met some of our young Yankee's, sons, not of the prophets, but of the *democrats*. Young republicans, living like sons of the nobles, *bang up*, in a first rate hotel in Bond-street, paying one guinea per day for board, six shillings sterling for a bottle of wine, and treating a set of fellows (as great fools as themselves) with this same costly wine. I knew the fathers of some of these boys forty years ago, when they were journeymen mechanics. Now they have become rich, they send their sons to college. The boys learn to

drive tandem, smoke segars, and drink champaign, whereby they will spend as much money at one sitting, as it would have cost their grandfathers, seventy years ago, to have supported a wife and two children for a twelve-month. Then they must needs go to Europe. Just as if they could not learn mischief enough in New-York or Philadelphia, but they must see life in London and Paris, that they may get initiated in all the midnight revels of noble blackguards and royal fools. In London they learn the works of the devil; but in Paris they learn hell itself. Better would it have been for some of these young men had their fathers never risen higher than a carrier of brick-bats. I cannot see any one good purpose it serves, or one good thing they can learn. In this country there is schools for the prophets, the merchant, and the lawyer, where every thing may be acquired that is wanted for all the useful purposes of life; and Europe can learn us no more. And there is the expense too, and that is no trifle. I found every thing in the stages, hotels, and on the roads, rather more than double what we are charged for the same accommodations in this country. I was just six months absent from New-York; I was lodged by my relations, and fed by my friends in every town where I went. I slept only four nights in hotels during my journey. I practised a strict order of economy, but not so as to interfere with my health, comfort, or reputation—for instance, I always rode inside, dined with my fellow-passengers, and when I had to put up, it was always at the best hotel in the place; but then I never suffered them to *treat* me, and you may be sure I never offered to *treat* them; yet, notwithstanding all these advantages and precautions, my expenses, including passage money out and home, amounted to five hundred and

twenty-two dollars. Now I feel pretty well assured in my own mind, that some of those chaps I saw spent four times as much in the same time, and all to no purpose that I could see under the sun—(for my own part, I saw all, and done business which paid for all.) Now I thought how much better it would have been to have kept those boys at home, learned them some useful occupation, and then given them the two thousand dollars to commence business. Young men who are studying medicine or surgery, I think, are much to be commended for going abroad to gain information. In walking the hospitals of London, Leyden, and Paris, (and as far as I could learn Edinburgh is inferior to none,) they may add much to their stock in those sciences; but to see a set of idle, brainless, senseless young fops, flourishing about spending money—drawing bills upon their fathers, and coming back ten times more the children of folly than when they went away, is enough to put common sense to the blush. This is republican *simplicity* with a witness.

March 8th.—Having now finished my business, I breakfasted with my friend, and went on board the ship Montreal at 9 o'clock A. M. She was hauling out; the captain was on shore, and the pilot giving orders. Here one of those matrimonial tragedies took place, which are frequently acted at the sailing of the American packets.

A lady, with an officer, came on board, having a *habeas corpus* warrant, in the kings name, ordering all his faithful lieges to bring forth the body of John Doe, or Richard Roe, &c. The officer and lady descended into the steerage, where one hundred and thirty passengers were stowing away their baggage, when lo! on the top of a chest sat the said John, and snugly by his

side sat also a second cousin. The lady claimed her husband, "as by the words of the ceremony," says she, "we are one. I am determined that all the waters of the Atlantic shall not part us asunder." The man looked like a fool: his partner and the officer escorted him on deck, and marched him in triumph between them up the wharf. The ladies in the steerage now commenced hooting and hissing the simple young woman. She came on deck, sat down on a block of wood, and began to cry. Says I, "young woman, there is no use to sit *whinging* there; if the captain comes on board he will start you on shore; you better call a porter, pack up your movables, and go to your friends—if they know nothing of the matter, you may keep your own secret; but take care you don't get in such another scrape, as perhaps you wont get out so easy." It was no sooner said than done: in came the porter—away went kegs, bags and baggage; and away went she—we saw no more of them.

We now commenced squeezing down the Thames amongst a thicket of ships, brigs, and craft of all descriptions; so close were they stowed for the space of six miles, it was just like hauling out of a wharf. We made Portsmouth on the 11th, at 6 o'clock P. M. Here and at Cowes lay some hundreds of vessels waiting a wind. Some of them had been wind-bound for a month. But now the wind (which had been blowing from the west for nearly five months) came out from the east, (in accordance with our most sanguine wishes.) Now the cheering sound "out studding-sails" resounded from the deck. The breeze freshens, and away we shoot at the rate of ten knots an hour. We overhauled and passed every thing in the channel, amongst them a fine East Indiaman, all sails set, and a steamer lashed to

each of her sides; yet, notwithstanding all these artificial helps, we shoot ahead, and leave her to read "*Montreal of New York*" on our stern.

12th.—Half past 10 o'clock P. M. All have turned in excepting the watch. I sit on the deck wrapped in my cloak, and wrapped in my thoughts, watching the swelling of the sails by a strong east wind, and thinking of time that is past. I am just entering for the fifth time the Atlantic Ocean. It is five months and three days since I left my family and friends. Goodness and mercy have followed me hitherto through every step of my journey. I have received the kindest attention from friends and from strangers—have encountered no accident, nor met with a disappointment—have lost nothing by the way save only one pair of gloves* and one pocket handkerchief; and now my face is again homeward, the wind is fair, and every appearance of a prosperous voyage.

A few days before leaving London I was in company with Sir A——— B———. He gave me a box of his own *patent pills* to prevent *sea sickness.* I thought of the epetaph which a Spaniard directed to be placed on his gravestone:—

"*I was well—took physic, and died.*"

So the pills are untouched to this day.

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* Something may be learned from this pair of gloves. I lost the glove belonging to the left hand. I then bought another pair of the same colour and quality. In about ten days thereafter I lost the glove belonging to the right hand; so by saving the odd glove, and purchasing the next pair of the same color and quality, I still had a complete pair left. Many a pair of gloves might be thus matched and saved, if people only thought of *saving the odd ones, and comparing colours.*

From the 12th to the 25th fair winds and fine weather. On that day it blew a gale—hatches buttoned down, dead lights, deck lights, and all light shut out and shut up, the winds and the sea roaring, the waves breaking over the ship, noise of men and officers on deck, women's hearts, and men's too, failing them because of fear. At 7 o'clock P. M., He who holds the winds in his fist and the waters in the hollow of his hand, SPOKE:—

"The storm was changed into a calm
At his command and will;
So that the waves which raged before
Now quiet are and still."

At the height of the gale, a cask on deck broke from its lashings, rolled over one of the seamen and broke his leg. It was well we had two surgeons among our passengers.* This gale was altogether a grand and terrific scene, and showed how impotent is man.

Nothing remarkable till April 5th, when, at 10 A. M., we saw land. We were now 24 days out, and would have got in that afternoon, but had overreached our port to the south. We beat back against a strong N. E. wind, which took us two days to accomplish; so on the 7th, at sundown, we anchered within the narrows. Thus completing a pleasant passage of 26 days from land to anchor.

It is at such a moment as this—the anchor drops, the sails are furled, the ship's at rest; the passengers are gazing and straining their eye-balls to learn something

* The man had every attention and soon got well.

of the soil that from henceforward is to give them support. You stand on the windlass. Your home is in view. In fancy you see the very roof that covers all you hold most dear on earth. I say it is at such a moment as this you would give the universe to know that *all is well.*

You hear nothing. You see nothing on the right hand or the left. Your eye is fixed on the object ahead; and your conversation is within. It is nine weeks since the date of my last letter. Are they alive? May not their habitation be a heap of ruins? &c. Then busy meddling fancy raises for herself phantoms most horrible. Your throat is dry. Your tongue is parched. Your words are only half uttered. This feeling of suspense, for the hour before meeting is more intensely keen than is the day of parting, and all the long months of separation.

However, in half an hour after coming to anchor, an acquaintance of my family came on board, and set my unworthy doubts at rest. He knew them all, and all were well.

His business was with the captain. So I lit my pipe and walked on deck, repeating in my mind the one hundred and third Psalm. It calmed the multitude of my thoughts within me.

CONCLUSION.

In travelling from port to town, and from town to village; from hall to rooms, and from rooms to cellars, the only object of sincere observation I think is man. To learn *what is man*, this strange contradictive, inconsistent being man. Could you congregate the millions that inhabit this globe, so sure as you would not find two faces exactly to correspond, so sure would you not find two men whose views, aims, and ends were exactly the same on any subject; and yet we are continually persecuting our neighbours with our sword, our tongue, or our pen, because he cannot see as we see, into the same subject. I have visited the hall's of the noble, and the cellars of the simple. I have dined in the parlour with the great, and in Billingsgate lunch among fish-women. On the sea, in the ship; on the land, in the carriage. I find them all the same incomprehensible mortals—thinking one thing and speaking another—professing one thing and practising another. On the continent, nearly one half of the population is composed of soldiers, priests, monks, friars, Jesuits and beggars. In England they have noblemen and gentlemen in abundance—bishops, curates, rectors and deans, soldiers and parish paupers; in fact the poor

laws have turned every parish into a sort of public alms-house. In Scotland they have bishops, curates, &c.; but then they stand on their own foundation. They are the same there as other dissenters; the people are not compelled to pay them, neither have they any poor rates; those who are sick or destitute, are supported in alms-houses; those who are lazy, are shut up in correction houses and compelled to work. In Ireland they are oppressed with priests, poverty, ignorance, and tithes.

With regard to governments, those arbitrary monarchs who dispose of men's lives, persons, and property at their pleasure—they are contrary to reason, religion, or common sense; and such are most of those on the continent. But the government of Britain, were it free from the shackles and burthens of the church, is in many respects better than our own; at least I have a right to think so, in this country of free thinking and free speaking. In Britain, the lives, persons, and property of men are as well protected by law as they are in this country; and probably *property* is better protected—for there property, to a certain extent, is *represented*—here it is not. Here the votes of the pauper puts the men into office, who tax, assess, cut up and divide your property, while they have nothing to tax and nothing to pay. This may be law, but it is not equity. In Britain they have a new king made to their hand every twenty, thirty, or fifty years, (George III. reigned fifty,) but in America we have a new king to make every four years. To be sure the salary of the British king is very great—greater, perhaps, than all the officers of our civil government put together; but then the trouble and expense of making our kings so frequently, more than counterbalances to the country all the expense of the British kings.

In this country, as soon as we have one king placed on the throne (knowing his reign will be short) we commence making a new one immediately. Then all the electoral colleges, from east to west, from north to south, are put in motion—meetings every week, in some places every night, in every town, village, hamlet, district, city, and ward on the continent. One million of men, at the least calculation, are employed three hours every night in the year, (Sabbath not excepted by many,) some making tickets, some forging lies, some making speeches, and some forging slander, and many, very many, getting drunk. Now only think of this, one million of men three hours per night. One man's time is worth twelve and a half cents per hour. Now calculate this, and you will find that our king costs a vast deal more expense to us than the king of England costs his people. But this is not all; this is only the beginning of trouble—for all the lies, slanders, speeches, tickets, handbills, and showbills are yet to be printed. New newspapers are set up by each party—the printer must be paid, the editor must be paid, the bill-sticker must be paid, and there too is the tavern-keeper, he must be paid—and his is a heavy bill, because each party hire men and give them money to fill others drunk, provided they will vote for their ticket; and even members of temperance societies will give money to buy drink for others, (though they may not drink themselves,)—for in election week, men think they may do what they please, and say what they please. Now see what a vast amount of time and money is here lost. I have known one gentleman subscribe $500 for his own hand to support the election of his party. Were we able to ascertain all those sums of money spent at elections, I

do think we would find that a new president costs as much as a new king; besides there is the unhappy spirit of contention which never stops, and every year seems to grow hotter—families are divided, brethren are separated—towns, cities and villages are divided against themselves. If our next door neighbour refuses to think as we think, we will not hire his cart, we will not buy his boots or his shoes, his bread or his beer, his soap or his candles; in short, we would starve him to death because he differs from us in opinion; and this is what we call supporting the freedom of speech and liberty of thinking.

In some parts of Europe, when they read our journals, and see them filled the year round with election meetings, they think we do little else in America but make kings, priests, and presidents.

APPENDIX.

A WORD to the critic and I have done. I hold them all (as WASHINGTON told the democrats) as a set of *self-created blockheads*,* meddling with other people's

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* I think it was in 1794, in his opening speech to Congress that WASHINGTON, speaking of the whiskey mobs and unsettled state of the country, assigned as a cause the formation of *Tammany* and *Democratic Societies*. He called them *self-created societies*. The bucktails never got over this. (The wigwam in those days was kept by Martling, on the spot where the Tract Society house now stands.) Runners were sent out; the council fires were lighted that same night; citizen Mooney was Grand Sachem; long talks were made, and Washington denounced. One imported patriot, just six months from Donnochadee, in his republican wrath, styled WASHINGTON *a hoary headed traitor!* Yes, gentlemen, these ears of mine heard this. There were some hundreds of Americans in the room. I wondered they did not pull the potatoe head from his shoulders. But foreigners then, as well as now, ruled the country. There was citizen Genet, the sans culotte ambassador, appealing from the American government to the mobites. This man, supported by American and imported patriots, was trying to jerk the reigns from the hands of him who but lately reigned in his stately stead to receive the sword of *Cornwallis*.

WASHINGTON had hard work with the democrats in those days.

affairs, and forgetting their own. If the public are fools enough to buy books full of nonsense, why that's no concern of theirs. My book and myself got a terrible shaking from these fellows in London last year. Some of them said I spoke about *Providence*, as if there was not another being in the world worthy of his notice but myself; and seemed to insinuate that I, being so insignificant, was hardly worth his looking at, &c. I cared not the turning of a straw what they said. I know there are millions of beings in the universe more small and despised than myself, and yet they are the objects of his *special care*. Some were highly offended because I drew a comparison between the British and American ships of war favourable to the latter. Others said I was a stiff bigoted Scotch presbyterian *covenanter*. I plead guilty to the first charge—but I never was a *covenanter*.

Just for amusement I went to see one of these chaps. I know they write not from ill will, but to fill up their magazines and reviews. He was a good-natured sensible mortal. We spent an agreeable hour; but the best of the story was, he could not define the meaning of *covenanter*. I told him he was just about as wise as some of the troopers in the regiment of *Claverhouse*,

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No other man could have kept them in order. He had Hamilton, Jay, and all the revolutionary worthies, with *Truth* on his side; so he stood his ground. When Jefferson came in, and with him all the friends of the people, times were altered. They sold our little navy for the price of the anchors, by the way of protecting our trade and coast. So they have kept the pot boiling their own way ever since; and as a majority of the sovereign people desire to have it so, why it is none of my business.

of which you have read in Scott's history of *Old Mortality.* One day two of them were sent out to scour the hills in search of *whigs;* they fell in with a poor shepherd, tending his flocks by the side of a brook, and reading his Bible. He was so intent on the subject, that they were on him before he had time to slip the book under his *plaid.* (You will observe it was part of their orders to arrest every one where they found a Bible in the house.) "What book have you got there?" says one of them. "The *Divine Oracles,*" says the shepherd. "Divine Oracles," says the trooper, looking in the face of his fellow. "Do you know the book?" "Never heard of such a book, (in those days, perhaps, not a man in the regiment could read,) says the second trooper. "What does it tell about?" says the first trooper. "Oh," says the shepherd, "that's *muckle ma'er* (much more) than I can tell ye; but there is ye'a lang (one long) story in't, aboot king Pharah, and Joseph and his brethren." "D——n Joseph," says the trooper; "Is there any thing about the covenants in it?"— "Oh yes," says the shepherd, "there's some bits o' stories aboot the covenant o' warks, an' the covenant o' grace." "D——n your grace!" says the trooper, (getting tired.) "Do you renounce the covenant?" (This was the test.) "Whilk o' them do you mean?" says the shepherd. The trooper again applied to his fellow. He could not tell. "Any one which you like," says they. "I renounce the covenant o' warks, an' a dependence ont' from this day and for ever," says the shepherd. "A true tory, by G——," says they, and rode off. My friend of the review laughed well at the ignorance of himself and countrymen. We adjourned to, not a tavern to drink wine, but to his house in Parliament-street, where we drank tea, and spent an

agreeable evening with the family. He accompanied me to my lodgings. On the way, going through the crowd, side by side when we could, or Indian file as we might, a young man in a hurry pushed me against a dandy. He turned and *cursed* me for a Quaker son of a b——h. I thought my *coat* had saved my hide, as Franklin's spectacles saved his eyes.

By the by, I was told that those reviewers are often hired by the same publisher, one to write up and another to write down their books. By this means the public begin to wonder, and are anxious to see what sort of book it is, and so they sell.

I have no doubt but it is true, for in London they resort to every sort of device to draw attention. One day a man, standing at the corner of a street, put into my hand a card headed

"DON'T BELIEVE IT,"

James Lancaster has *not removed* from No. 223 Strand, but continues to serve out to his customers, &c. &c.— Many have on their sign boards, under their name, the number of years they have done business in that house: as John Thomas, Wine Dealer, since 1794. Thus signifying that he is a man of steady habits to reside and do business in the same house for *forty years*. I saw some stating that father and sons had done business on the same spot for one hundred years and upwards. In Paternoster Row, I was in a book establishment where the same firm had existed for two centuries and more.

In New-York we get through our business with more expedition. As far as I can recollect, there is only one house in existence that done business in the city when I first saw it forty years ago.

FINIS.

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